



Accessions

149,604

Shelf No.

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*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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*Received, May, 1873.*

*Not to be taken from the Library.*





798



Hosmer's Sale, 1867, N<sup>o</sup> 798.

"First acted by the Children of the Chapel."  
Tring. Dram.

and probably written by some one attached to the Chapel.  
6, 11.

STC 12051.



The 1<sup>st</sup> Edit. in 1606. has no dedication  
This 2<sup>d</sup> Edit in 1636 has one.



SIR

GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE  
KNIGHT.

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A Comedy lately Acted with great ap-  
plause at the private House  
in Salisbury Court.



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LONDON:

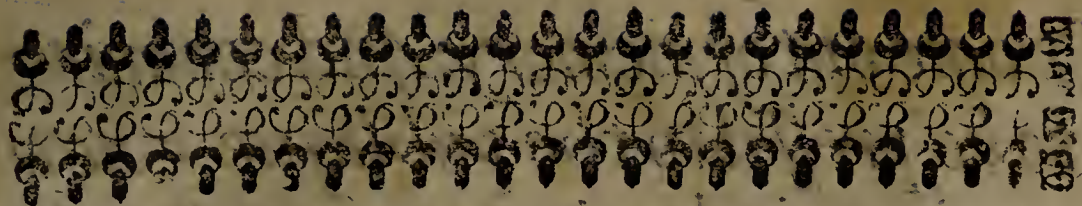
Printed for HUGH PERRY, and are to be sold  
by ROGER BALL at the golden Anchor, in  
the Strand neere Temple barre 1636.



*Eugenia, A widow, and a Noble Lady.*  
*Hippolyta, {*  
*Penelope, { Lady-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.*  
*Winnifred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.*  
*Momford, A Noble Man, uncle to Eugenia.*  
*Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Momford.*  
*Fowlweather, A french affected Travayler, & a Captaine.*  
*Sir Gyles Goose-cap, a foolish Knight.*  
*Sir Cuthbert Rudsby, a blunt Knight.*  
*Sir Clement Kingcob, a Knight.*  
*Lord Tales.*  
*Lord Furnifall.*  
*Bullaker, a french Page.*  
*Iacke. {*  
*Will. { Pages.*

---





To the Worshipfull *Richard*  
*Young* of *Woolley-farme*  
in the County of Berks.  
*Esquire,*

Worthy Sir,



*He many favours, and*  
*courtesies, that I have*  
*Received from you, and*  
*your much Honor'd Fa-*  
*ther, have put such an obligation*  
*upon me, as I have bin long cogi-*  
*tateing how to expresse my selfe by*  
*me requitall of some part of them;*  
*Now this Play having diverse*  
*yeeres since beene thrust into the*  
*world to seeke its owne entertain-*  
*ment, without so much as an epistle,*  
*or under the Shelter of any gene-*  
*rous spirit, is now almost become*

The Epistle.

worne out of memory: And comming  
to be press'd to the publique view  
again, it having none to speake  
for it (the Author being dead) I  
am bold to recommend the same to  
your Worships protection, I know  
your studies are more propense to  
more serious subjects, yet vouch-  
safe, I beseech you, to recreate your  
selfe with this at some vacant time  
when your leasure will permit you  
to peruse it, and daigne mee to  
bee.

Your Worships bounden  
Servant.

HUGH PERRY.





SIR GYLES GOOSE-  
CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

*Enter Bullaker with a Torche.*

*Bullaker.*



His is the Countesse *Eugenias* house I thinke  
I can never hit of theis same English City  
howses, tho I were borne here: if I were in  
any City in *Fraunce*, I could find any house  
there at midnight.

*Enter Iacke, and Will.*

*Iacke.* Theis two strange hungry Knights (*Will*) make  
the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on.

*Will.* A plague on them *Iacke*, they leave us no fees  
at all, for our attendance, I thinke they use to set their  
bones in silver they pick them so cleane, see, see, see *Iacke*  
whats that.

*Iacke.* A my word (*Will*) tis the great *Baboone*, that  
was to be scene in Southwarke.

*Will.* Is this he? Cods my life what beastes were we,  
that we wood not see hm all this while, never trust me  
if he looke not somewhat like a man, see how pretely  
he holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his  
keeper trowe, is he broke loose?



*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

*Iacke.* Haft ever an Apple about thee (*Will*) weele take him up sure, we shall get a monstrous deale of mony with him.

*Will.* That we shall yfath boy, and looke thou here, heres a red cheekt apple to take him up with.

*Ia.* Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our pro-vant, and to him.

*Bul.* Ile let them alone a while,

*Ia.* Give me the apple to take up *Iacke*, because my name is *Iacke*.

*Will.* Hold thee *Iacke*, take it.

*Ia.* Come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

*Bul.* I will come to you sir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my word, Ile *Iacke* ye.

*Will.* Gods me he speakes *Iacke*. O pray pardon us Sir.

*Bul.* Out ye, *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmasett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours? nay ile *Iacke* ye you a little better yet.

*Both.* Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon us.

*Bul.* Pardon us, out ye home-bred peasants, plain english, pardon us? if you had paried, & not spoken, but said *Pardonne moy*; I wood have pardon'd you, but since you speake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

*Ambo* O *pardonne moy monsieur*.

*Bul.* *Bien je vous remercy, thers pardonne pour vous* sir now.

*Will.* Why I thanke ye for it Sir, ye Squire of our order Sir.

*Ia.* Whose page might you be Sir.

*Bul.* I am now the great French Travalers page.

*Will.* Or rather the French Travalers great page. Sir, on, on.

*Bul.* Hight Captaine *Fawleweather*, alias Commendations; whose valours within here at super with the Countes *Eugenia*, whose propper eaters I take you two to be.

*Will.* You mistake us not Sir.

*Ia.* This Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias *Cómendations*.

(*Will*)



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe,*

*(Will)* Is the Gallant that will needs be a sutor to our Countes.

*Will.* Faith, and if Fouleweather be a welcome suter to a faire Lady, has good lucke.

*Ia.* O Sir, beware of one that can showre into the lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their joyntes that give him cause to worke uppon them so heauylie, that he will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why he will make the cold stones sweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does so domineere, and raigne over women.

*Will.* A plague of Captaine Fowleweather I remember him now *lacke*, and know him to be a dull moist-braind Affe.

*Ia.* A Southerne man I thinke.

*Will.* As fearefull as a Haire, and will lye like a Lapwing, and I know how he came to be a Captain, and to have his Surname of Commendations.

*Ia.* How I preethee *Will*?

*Will.* Why Sir, he served the great Lady Kingcob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & because a good brush up her silkes lustely, she thought he would curry the enemies coates as soundly, and so by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

*Ia.* Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth also of his owne, he was ever after surnamd Captaine Commendations?

*Will.* Right.

*Bul.* I Sir right, but if he had not said right, my Captaine should have taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neyther, I can tell ye.

*Ia.* What are those two Knights names; that are thy Captaines *Comrades*, and within at supper with our Lady

*Bul.* One of their names Sir, is, Sir Gyles Goosecappe, the



others Sir *Cutt Rudesby*.

*Will* Sir *Gyles Gossecappe* what's he a gentleman,

*Bul.* I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in *Essex*.

*Ia.* In *Essex*? did not his Auncestors come out of *London*.

*Bul.* Yes that they did Sir, the best *Gossecappes* in *England*, come out of *London* I assure you.

*Will.* I but Sir these must come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countirman is Sir *Cutt. Rudesby*?

*Bul.* A Northern man, or a Westernman I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you shall partly know him: for tis a very forcible word in troth, and yet he forces it too much by his favour; mary no more then he does all the rest of his wordes; with whose multiplicity often times he travailes himsele out of all good company.

*Iucke.* Like enough; he travaild for nothing else.

*Will.* But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Gossecappe* now Sir.

*Bul.* Sir *Gyles Gossecap* has always a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth; for his onely one reason for every thing is, because we are all mortall; and therefore he is generally cald the mortall Knight; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will *totalis* the vanity ant still in every thing, and this is your *totalis* of both their virtues.

*Ia.* Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they have land enough but now muster your third person afore us. I beseech you.

*Bul.* The third person, and second Knight blunt Sir *Cutt. Rudesby*, is indeed blunt at a sharpe wit, and sharpe at a blunt wit a good bustling Gallant talkes well at *Rovers*; he is two parts souldier; as sloven lie as a *Switzer*, and somewhat like one in face too; for he weares a bush beard will dead a *Cannan* shot better then a wool-packe:



packe: he will come into the presence like yor *Frenchman* in foule bootes, and dares eate Garlike as a prepra-  
tive to his Courtship, you shall know more of him here-  
after; but good wags let me winne you now; for the  
Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

*Will.* That you shall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too  
and you will; first my Lady the widowe, and Countes  
*Eugenia*, is in earnest, a most worthy Lady, and indeede  
can doe more than a thousand other Ladies can doe I  
can tell you.

*Bul.* What's that I pray thee?

*Ia.* Mary Sir, he meanes she can doe more than sleepe,  
and eate, and drinke; and play at noddy, and helpe to  
make hir selfe ready.

*Bul.* Can she so?

*Will.* She is the best scholler of any woman but one in  
England, she is wise, and vertuous.

*Ia.* Nay she has one strange quality for a woman  
besides, tho these be strange enough that he has reko-  
ned.

*Bul.* For Gods sake whats that?

*Ia.* She can love reasonable constantly, for she loved  
her husband only, almost a whole yeere together.

*Bul.* Thats strange indeed, but what is your faire  
Lady Sir?

*Ia.* My Lady Sir, the Lady *Hippolita*.

That is as chaste as ever was *Hippolitus*.

*Ia.* (True my pretty *Parenthesis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a  
wife, and halfe a widdow.

*Bul.* Strange tale to tell; how canst thou make this  
good my good *Assumpsit*.

*Ia.* Thus Sir, she was betroathed to a gallant young  
gentleman that loude hir with such passion, and admi-  
ration that he never thought he could be so blessed as  
to enjoy her in full marriage, till the minister was mar-  
rying them, and even then when he was saying I *Charles*  
take thee *Hippolita* with extreame joy he begā to looke



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

pale, then going forwards saying, to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both shall live, he lookt extreame pale; Now sir when she comes to speake her part, and said, I *Hippolyta* take thee *Charles*, he began to faint for joy, then saying to my wedded husband, he began to sinke, but then going forth too for better for worse, he could stand no longer, but with very conceit, it seemd, that she whom he tendred as the best of all things, should pronounce the worst, and for his sake too, he suncke downe right, and died sodenly: And thus being halfe married, and her halfe husband wholly dead, I hope I may with discretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceiue me Sir?

*Bul.* O Lord Sir, I deuoure you quicke; and now Sir I beseech you open unto me your tother Lady, what is shee?

*Will.* Ile answere for her, because I know her Ladiship to be a perfect maide indeed.

*Bul.* How canst thou know that?

*Will.* Passing perfectly I warrant ye.

*Ia.* By measuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and slip over her nose?

*Will.* No Sir no, by a rule that will not slip so I warrant you, which for her honours sake I will let slip unto you, gods so *Iacke*, I thinke they have sup.

*Ia.* Bir Lady we have waited well the while.

*Will.* Well though they have lost their attendance, let not us lose our Supper *Iacke*.

*Ia.* I doe not meane it, come Sir you shall goe in, and drinke with us yfaith.

*Bul.* Pardonne moy mounseieur.

*both.* No pardoning in truth Sir.

*Bul.* Je vous remercie de-ban cure.

*Exeunt:*

*Enter*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

*Enter Goosescappe Rudeſby Fowleweather Eugenia  
Hippol, Penelope, Winne.*

*Rud.* A plague on you ſweet Ladies, tis not ſo late,  
what needed you to have made ſo ſhort a ſupper.

*Goof.* In truth *Sir Cutt.* we might have tickled the va-  
nity ant, an howre longer, if my watch be truſtible.

*Foul.* I but how ſhould theis beauties know that *Sir  
Gyles* ? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

*Go.* That ſooth *Captaine*, but doe you heare honeſt  
friend, pray take a light, and ſee if the moone ſhine, I have  
a Sunne Diall will roſolve preſently.

*Fo.* Howſoever beleeve it Ladies, tis unwholeſome, un-  
courtly, unpleaſant to eate haſtely, and riſe ſodainly, a  
man can ſhew no diſcourſe, no wit, no ſtirring, no variety,  
no pretty conceits, to make the meate goe downe em-  
phatically.

*Eu. Winnefred.*

*Win.* Madam.

*Eu.* I prethee goe to my uncle the Lord *Momford*, and  
intreat him to come quicken our Eares with ſome of his  
pleaſant Spirit; This ſame *Fowleweather* has made me ſo  
melancholly, prethee make haſte.

*Win.* I will Madam.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* We will bid our gueſts good night Madam, this  
ſame *Fowleweather* makes me ſo ſleepy.

*Pen.* Fie upon it, for Gods ſake ſhut the Caſements,  
heres ſuch a fullſome Aire comes into this Chamber; in  
good faith Madame you muſt keepe your Houſe in bet-  
ter reparations, this ſame *Fowlweather* beats in ſo filthily.

*Eng.* Ile take order with the Porter for it Lady, good  
night gentlemen.

*Ru.* Why good night, and be hang'd, and you'l needs  
be gon.

*Goof.* God give you good night Madams, thanke you  
for my good cheere, weele tickle the vanity ant no  
longer.



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La. to supper at my lodging one of these mornings ; and that ere long too, because we are all mortall you know.

*Eu.* Light the Lady *Penelope*, and the Lady *Hippolyta* to their Chambers, good night faire Ladies.

*Hip.* Good night Madam, I wish you may sleepe well after your light supper.

*Eug.* I warrant you Lady I shall never be troubled with dreaming of my *French Suter*. *Exeunt.*

*Ru.* Why how now my *Frenchified* captain *Fowlweather*? by Cods ludd thy Surname is never thought upon here, I perceive heeres nobody gives thee any commendations

*Fo.* Why this is the untravailld rudnes of our grosse Eng<sup>l</sup>ish Ladies now; would any *French* Lady use a man thus thinke ye? be they any way so uncivill, and fulsome? they say they weare fowle smockes, and course smockes, I say they lie, and I will die int.

*Rud.* I, doe so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy countries generall quarrell right.

*Fowl.* Their smockes quoth you ; a my word you shall take them up so whit, and so pure, so sweet, so Emphaticall, so mooving-

*Rud.* I marry Sir, I thinke they be continually moving.

*Fowl.* But if their smockes were Course or foule.

*Rud.* Nay I warrant thee thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

*Fowl.* S'death they put not all their virtues in smockes, or in their mockes, or in their stewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

*Rud.* But in their stewd pox, thers all their gentilitie.

*Goos.* Nay good Sir *Cutt.* doe not agravate him no more.

*Fowl.* Then are they so kinde, so wise, so familiar, so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shall, have cause to descourse or sometimes to come neerer them ; if your breath be ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

about you ill, why they will presently breake with ye, in kinde sort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath, Sir, thus it is with your teeth, Sir, this is your disease, and this is your medicine.

*Goof.* As I am true mortall Knight, it is most superlatively good, this.

*Fowl.* Why this is Courtly now, this is sweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of *France*, our pœevish dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainfull, and so subtile, as the *Pomorian* Serpent, *mort dieu* the Puncke of *Babylon* was never so subtile.

*Rud.* Nay, doe not chafe so Captaine.

*Fowl.* Your *Frenchman* wood ever chafe sir *Cutt*, being thus movde.

*Rud.* What? and play with his beard so?

*Fowl.* I and brystle, it doth expresse that passion of anger very full, and Emphaticall.

*Goof.* Nay good Knight if your *French* wood brystle, let him alone, in troth our Ladies are a little too coy, and subtile, Captaine, indeed.

*Fowl.* Subtile sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*? I assure your soule, they are as subtile with their suters, or loves, as the *latine* Dialect, where the nominative Case, and the Verbe, the Substantive, and the Adjective, the Verbe, and the Verbe, stand as far a sunder, as if they were perfect stranger, one to another; and you shall hardly find them out, but then learne to Conster, and perse them, and you shall find them prepared and acquainted, and agree together, in Case gender, and number.

*Goof.* I detest sir *Cutt*, I did not thinke he had bin halfe the quintessence of a scholler he is.

*Fowl.* Slydd there's not one of them truely Emphaticall.

*Goof.* Yes, I'le ensure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall: but all your *French* Ladies are not fatt? are they sir?

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

*Foul.* Fatt fir? why doe ye thinke Emphaticall is fatt fir Gyles?

*Rud.* Gods my life, brother Knight, didst thou thinke so? hart I know not what it is my selfe, but yet I never thought it was fatt, Ile be sworne to thee.

*Foul.* Why if any true Courtly dame had, had but this new fashioned sute, to entertaine any thing indifferently stuffed, why you should have had her more respectiue by farre.

*Rud.* Nay, theres some reason for that Captaine, me thinkes a true woman should prepetually doate upon a new fashion.

*Foul.* Why y'are i' thright fir *Cutt.* *In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.* Tis the mind of man and woman to affect new fashions; but to our Mynsatiues for sooth, if he come like to your *Besognio*, or your bore, so he be rich, or emphaticall they care not; would I might never excell a dutch Skipper in Courtship, if I did not put distaste into my cariage of purpose, I knew I should not please them. *Lacquay? allume le torche.*

*Rud.* Slydd, heres neyther Torch, nor Lacquay, me thinks.

*Foul.* *O mon dieu.*

*Rud.* O doe not sweare Captaine.

*Foul.* Your Frenchman ever sweares, Sir *Cutt*, upon the lacke of his Lacquay, I assure yo

*Goof.* See heere he comes, and my Ladie, *two pages* they have bin tickling the vanity ant yfaith.

SCÆNARTERIA.

*Enter to them Iacke. Bullaker, Will.*

*Ia.* Captaine *Fowleweather*, my Lady the Countes *Eugenia* commends her most kindly to you, and is determined to morrow-morning earely, if it be a frost, to take her Coach to Barnet to be nipt; where if it please you,  
to



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe,*

to meete her, and accompany her homeward, joyning your wit with the frost, and helpe to nip her, She does not doubt but tho you had a sad supper, you will have a joyfull breakefast.

*Foul.* I shall indeed my deare youth.

*Rud.* Why Captaine I abus'd thee, I see : I said the Ladies respected thee not, and now I perceiue the widow is in love with thee.

*Foul.* Sblood, Knight, I knew. I had stricke herto the quicke, I wondred shee departed in that extravagant fashion : I am sure I past one *Passado* of Courtship upon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongst the *French Ladies* like a Culvering shot, Ile be sworne; and I thinke *Sir Gyles* you saw she fell under it.

*Goof.* O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

*Ru.* O good Knight a the post, heele sweare any thing.

*Will.* The other two Ladies commend them no lesse kindly to you two Knights too; & desire your worships wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Captaine.

*Foul.* *Goof.* *Rud.* O good Sir.

*Goof.* Our worships shall attend their Ladishipstheter.

*Ia.* No *Sir Gyles* by no meanes, they will goe privately thether, but if you will meet them there.

*Rud.* Meet them? weele die fort, but weele meet them.

*Foul.* Lets goe thether to night Knights, and you be

*Rud.* Content.

*Ia.* How greedely they take it in, *Sirra* ?

*Goof.* No it is too farre to goe to night, weele be up betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

*Foul.* Why its but ten miles, and a fine cleere night, *Sir Gyles.*

*Goof.* But ten miles ? what doe ye talke Captaine ?

*Rud.* Why ? doost thinke its any more ?

*Goof.* I, Ile lay ten pounds its, more then ten miles, or twelue eyther.

*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

*Rud.* What to *Barnet*?

*Goose.* I, to *Barnet*.

*Ru.* Slidd, Ile lay a hundred pound with thee, if thou wilt.

*Goos.* Ile lay five hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know: I am sure it was foure yeeres ago ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles grow thinke you, as well as other *Animals*?

*Ia.* O wise Knight!

*Goos.* I never innd in the *Towne* but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of these Ridiculous Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the Candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

*Foul.* A pretty project.

*Bul.* In truth Captaine, if I might advise you, you should carry, and take the morning afore you.

*Foul.* How? *O mon Dieu!* how the villaine *poultroune*, dishonours his travaile! you *Buffonly Mouchroun*, are you so mere rude, and English to advise your Captaine?

*Ru.* Nay, I prethee *Fouleweather*, be not tempesteous with thy poore Lacquay.

*Foul.* Tempesteous, Sir *Cutt*? will your *Frenchman*, thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to advise him?

*Go.* O God you must take heed lacquay how you advise your Captaine, your French lacquay would not have done it.

*Foul.* He would have bin poxt first: *Allume le torche*, sweet Pages commend us to your Ladies, say we kisse their white hands, and will not faile to meete them: Knights, which of you leades?

*Goos.* Not wee sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

*Rud.* Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

*Foul.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Foul.* Why? what tho I be Captaine Commendations?

*Rud.* Why, and Captaine Commendations, is harty commendations, for Captaines are harty. I am sure, or else hang them.

*Foul.* Why, what if I be harty Commendations, come, come, sweet, Knights lead the way.

*Rud.* O Lord sir, alwayes after my harty Commendations.

*Foul.* Nay then you conquer me with precedent, by the autenticall forme of all Iustice letters, *Allouit.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* Here's a most sweet Gudgeon swallowed, is there not?

*Will.* I but how will they digest it, thinkest thou when they shall finde out Ladies not there?

*Ia.* I have a vaunt-currying devise shall make them digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt.*

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Clarence, Musicians.*

*Cla.* Worke on sweet love, I am not yet resolved  
To exhaust this troubled Spring of vanities,  
And Mine of perturbations, my poore life,  
And therefore since in every man that holds  
This being deare, there must be some desire,  
Whose power to enjoy his object may so maske  
The judging part, that in her radiant eyes  
His estimation of the World may seeme  
Vpright, and worthy, I have chosen love  
To blind my Reason with his misty hands  
And make my estimative power beleieve  
I have a project worthy to imploy  
What worth so ever my whole man affords :

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

then sit at rest my soule, thou now hast found  
the end of thy infusion, in the eyes  
Of thy divine *Eugenia* looke for Heaven.

*Cla.* Thanks gentle friends. *A song to the Violls.*  
Is your good Lord, and mine, gon up to bedd yet?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* I do assure ye not fir, not yet, nor yet, my deepe,  
and studious friend, not yet, musically *Clarence.*

*Cla.* My Lord?

*Mom.* Nor yet, thou sole divider of my Lordshippe,

*Cla.* That were a most unfit division,  
And farre above the pitch of my low plumes;  
I am your bold, and constant guest my Lord.

*Mom.* Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long,  
Almost these twenty yeeres, and halfe those yeeres  
Hast bin my bed-fellow; long time before  
This unseene thing, this thing of naught indeed,  
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordshippe shind in me,  
And yet thou mak'st thy selfe as little bould  
To take such kindnes, as becomes the Age  
And truth of our indissolable love,  
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday,  
Such is thy gentle, and too tender spirit.

*Cla.* My Lord, my want of Courtship makes me feare  
I should be rude, and this my meaner estate  
Meetes with such envie, and detraction,  
Such misconstructions, and resolud misdoomes  
Of my poore worth, that should I be advaunc'd  
Beyond my unseene lowenes, but one haire,  
I should be torne in peeces with the Spirits  
That fly in ill-lungd tempests through the world,  
Tearing the head of vertue from her shoulders  
If she but looke out of the ground of glory.  
Twixt, whom, and me, and every worldly fortune  
There fights such sowre, and curst *Antipathy*,



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

So waspish, and so petulant a Starre,  
That all things tending to my grace or good  
Areravisht from their object, as I were  
A thing created for a wildernes,  
And must not thinke of any place with men.

*Mom.* O harke you Sir, this waiward moode of yours  
must sisted be, or rather rooted out,  
youle no more musicke Sir?

*Cl.* Not now my Lord.

*Mom.* Begon my masters then to bedd, to bedd.

*Cl.* I thanke you honest friends.

*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Mo.* Hence with this book, & now *Mounseur Clarence*,  
me thinks plaine, & prose friendship would do excellent  
well betwixt us: come thus Sir, or rather thus, come. Sir  
tis time I trowe that we both liv'd like one body, thus,  
and that both our sides were slit, and concorporat  
with *Organs* fit to effect an individuall passage even for  
our very thoughts; suppose we were one body now,  
and I charge you beleeve it; whereof I am the hart, and  
you the liver.

*Cl.* Your Lordship might well make that division, if  
you knew the plaine song.

*Mo.* O Sir, and why so I pray?

*Cl.* First because the heart, is the more worthy en-  
traile, being the first that is borne, and moves, and the  
liver moves, and dies; and then being the Fountaine  
of heate too: for wheresoever our heate does not flow  
directly from the hart to the other *Organs*, there, their  
action must of necessity cease, and so without you I nei-  
ther would nor could live.

*Mom.* Well sir, for these reasons I may be the heart,  
why may you be the liver now?

*Cl.* I am more then asham'd, to tell you that my  
Lord.

*Mom.* Nay, nay, be not too suspitious of my judge-  
ment in you I beseech you: asham'd friend? if your  
love



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

love overcome not that shame, a shame take that love,  
I say.

Come sir, why may you be the liver?

*Cl.* The plaine, and short truth is (my Lord) because  
I am all liver, and turnd lover.

*Mom.* Lover?

*Cl.* Lover yfaith, my Lord.

*Mom.* Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for  
joy: why thou wilt not now revive the sociable mirth  
of thy sweet disposition? wilt thou shine in the World a-  
new? and make those that have sleighted thy love, with  
the Austeritie of thy knowledge, dote on thee againe  
with thy commanding shaft of their humours?

*Cl.* Alas my Lord they are all farre out of my aime;  
and only to fit my selfe a little better to your friend-  
shippe, have I given these wilfull raynes to my affe-  
ctions.

*Mom.* And yfaith is my sower friend to all worldly  
desires ouer taken with the hart of the World, Love? I  
shall be monstrous proud now, to heare shees every  
way a most rare woman, that I know thy spirit, & judge-  
ment hath chosen, is she wise? is she noble? is she capa-  
ble of thy vertues? will she kisse this forehead with judi-  
ciall lipps? where so much judgement, & vertue deserves  
it? Come brother Twin, be short, I charge you, and name  
me the woman.

*Cl.* Since your Lordship will shorten the length of  
my follies relation, the woman that I so passionately  
love, is no worse Lady then your owne Neece, the too  
worthy Countesse *Eugenia*.

*Mom.* Why so, so, so, you are a worthy friend, are  
you not, to conceale this love-mine in your head, and  
would not open it to your hart? now bestrow my hart,  
if my hart danse not for joy, tho my heeles do not,  
and they doe not, because I will not set that at my  
heeles that my friend sets at his heart? friend, and  
Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend



*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

I confesse, but I will preferre thee backwards ( as many friends doe ) and leave their friends woorse then they found them.

*Cla.* But my noble *Lo.* it is almost a prodigy, that I being onely a poore Gentleman, and farre short of that state, and wealth that a *Lady* of her greatnesse in both will expect in her husband.

*Mom.* Hold thy doubt friend, never feare any woman, unlesse thy selfe be made of straw, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning. *Audacitie* prospers above probability in all Worldly matters. Dost not thou know that Fortune governes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile? why should a man desiring to aspire an unreasonable creature, which is a woman, seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes? because thy selfe binds upon reason, wilt thou looke for congruity in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false *Latine*, and breake *Priscians* head. Attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing. I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely witch-craft of this *V*World, Spirits wrastring with spirits as bodies with bodies: this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are ravisht with Coaches, and upper hands, and brave men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason evermore *Ad optima hortatur*: to like that which is best, not that which is bravest, or rightest, or greatest, and so consequently worst. But prove what shee can, wee will turne her, and winde her, and make her so plyant, that we will drawe her thorough a wedding ring yfaith.

*Cla.* Would to god we might my Lord.

*Mom.* Ile warrant thee friend.

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe,*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Here is Mistris *Winnifred*; for my Lady *Eugenia* desires to speake with your Lordship.

*Mom.* Marry enter Mistris *Winnifred* even here I pray thee, from the Lady *Eugenia*, doe you heare friends?

*Cl.* Very easily on that side my Lord.

*Mom.* Let me feele. does not thy heart pant apace? by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours sir God, and upon a very honourable composition, I am sent for now I am sure, and must even trusse, and to her.

*Enter Winnifred.*

Witty Mistris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman. I am sure this Gentleman thinkes his Chamber the sweeter for your deare presence.

*Win.* My absence shall thanke him my Lord.

*Mom.* What rude? Mistris *Winnifred*? nay faith you shall come to him, and kisse him, for his kindenesse.

*Win.* Nay good my Lord, I'll never goe to the market for that ware, I can have it brought home to my Dore.

*Mom.* O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

*Win.* So you may my Lord, but I know few Lords that thinke scorne to go to that market themselves.

*Mom.* To goe to it *Winnifred*? nay to ride to it yfaith.

*Win.* Thats more then I know my Lord.

*Mom.* Youle not beleeeve it till you are then a horse-backe, will ye? (you breare it?)

*Win.* Come, come, I am sent of a message to you, will

*Mom.* Stoppe, stoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you have audience so soone, there were no state in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman sir.

*Win.* Now we shall have a fiction I beleeeve.

*Mom.* Had three Suters at once.

*Win.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Win.* Youle leave out none my Lord.

*Mom.* No more did you *Winnifred*: you enterferde with them all in truth.

*Win.* O Monstrous Lord by this light !

*Mom.* Now sir to make my tale short I will doe that which she did not ; vz. leave out the two first, the third comming the third night for his turne.

*Win.* My Lord , my lord , my Lady does that , that no body else does , desires your company , and so fare you well.

*Mom.* O stay a little sweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to trusse my Poynts againe, and have with you.

*Win.* Not I by my truth my Lord , I had rather see your hose about your heeles , then I would helpe you to trusse a poynt.

*Mom.* O witty *Winnifred* ? for that jest, take thy passeport, and tell thy Ladies, thou leftst me with my hose about my heeles.

*Win.* Well, well my Lord you shall sit till the mosse grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *Exit.*

*Mom.* She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters ; but is not this very fit my sweet *Clarence* ? Thou seest my rare Neece cannot sleepe without me ; but for thy company sake, she shall to night ; and in the morning I will visit her earely ; when doe thou but stand in that place, and thou maiest chance heare (but art sure to see) in what subtill, and farre-fetcht manner Ile solicite her about thee.

*Cl.* Thank's worthy Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

ACTVS SECVNDI SCENA PRIMA.

*Clarence Solus.*

*Cl.* I That have studied with world-skorning thoughts

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

the way of Heaven, and how true Heaven is reacht  
To know how mighty, and how many are  
The strange affections of enchanted number.  
How to distinguish all the motions  
Of the Celestiall bodies, and what power  
Doth separate in such forme this massie Rownd,  
What is his Essence, Efficacies, Beames,  
Foot-steps, and Shadows? what Eternities is  
The World, and Time, and Generation?  
What Soule, the worlds Soule is? what the blacke  
And unreveald Originall of Things, ( Springs  
What their perseverance? what's life, and death,  
And what our certaine Restauration;  
Am with the staid-heads of this Time imploy'd  
To watch withall my Nerves a Female shade.

*Enter Winnifred, Anabell, with their sowing workes  
and sing: After their song Enter  
Lord Momford.*

*Mom.* Witty Mistrisse *Winnifred*, where is your  
Countesse, I pray?

*Win.* Faith your Lordship is bould enough to seeke  
her out, if she were at her urinall?

*Mom.* Then Sh's done it seemes, for here she comes  
to save me that labour, away wenches; get you hence  
wenches. *Exeunt.*

*Eu.* What, can you not abide my maides unkle?

*Mom.* I never cood abide a maide in my life Neece, but  
either I draw away the maide, or the maidenhead with a  
wet finger.

*Eu.* You love to make your selfe worse then  
you are still.

*Mom.* I know few mend in this VVorld Madam, For  
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse  
spoken on ever amongst women.

*Eu.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Eu.* I wonder where you have bin all this while with your sentences.

*Mom.* Faith where I must be againe presently. I cannot stay long with you my deere Neece.

*Eu.* By my faith but you shall my Lord, cods pittie what will become of you shortly, that you drive maids afore you, & offer to leave widowes behind you as man-kindelie, as if you had taken a surfet of our Sex lately, and our very sight turnd your stomacke?

*Mom.* Cods my life, she abuses her best unkle; never trust me if it were not a good revenge to helpe her to the losse of her wodow-head.

*Eu.* That were a revenge, and a halfe, indeed.

*Mom.* Nay twere but a whole revenge Neece, but such a revenge as would more then observe the true rule of a revenger.

*Eu.* I know your rule before you utter it, *Vliscere inimico sed sine tuo incommodo.*

*Mom.* O rare Neece, you may see, what tis to be a scholler now, learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or luster in Diamants, which in no other Stone is so rich or refulgent.

*Eug.* But say deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to stay so long from me?

*Mom.* Why Alas Neece, y'are so smeard with this willfull-widdows-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I never come to you, but I dreame of Coarces, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

*Eug.* Beshrew my heart my Lord, if you goe theis three houres.

*Mom.* Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her Chamber) with any Lady so neere alide to me, I am very idle yfaith, mary with such an other; I would daunce, one, two, three, fource, and five, tho it cost me ten shillings; and now I am in, have at it, my head must devise something while my feet

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

are pidling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who indeed is onely a great scholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his minde.

*Eu.* Come, come, pray tell me uncle, how does my cosen *Momford*?

*Mom.* Why, well, very well Neece, and so is my friend *Clarénce* well too, and then is there a worthy gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

*Eug.* But when did you see my Cosen?

*Mom.* And tis pittie! but he should do well, and he shall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

*Eug.* What meanes he by this tro yee, your Lo. is very danfitive me thinkes.

*Mom.* I, and I could tell you a thing would make your Ladiship very danfitive, or else it were very dunsfative yfaith. O how the skipping of this Christmas blocke of ours moves the block-head heart of a woman, & indeed any thing that pleaseth the foolish eye which presently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the minde.

*Eug.* But I pray tell me my Lo. could you tell me of a thing would make me danse say you?

*Mom.* Well, farewell sweet Neece, I must needs take my leave in earnest.

*Eu.* Lord blesse us, heres such a stir with your farewels

*Mom.* I will see you againe within these two or three dayes a my word Neece.

*Eug.* Cods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a maruallous strange humor. Sit downe sweet Vnckle, yfaith I have to talke with you about greate matters.

*Mom.* Say then deere Neece, be short utter your minde quickly now.

*Eug.* But I pray tell me first, what's that would make me danse yfaith?

*Mom.* Danse, what danse? hetherto your danfers legges bow for-sooth, and Caper, and jerke, and Firke;



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

Firke, and dandle the body above them, as it were their great childe, though the speciall jerker be about this place I hope, here lies that shud fetch a perfect woman over the Coles yfaith.

*Eng.* Nay good Vnckle say what's the thing you could tell me of?

*Mom.* No matter, no matter: But let me see a passing prosperous fore-head of an exceeding happy distance betwixt the eye browes; a cleare lightning eye; a temperate, and fresh bloud in both the cheekes: excellent markes, most excellent markes of good fortune.

*Eng.* Why, how now Vnckle did you never see me before?

*Mom.* Yes Neece; but the state of these things at this instant must be specially observed, and these outward signes being now in this cleere elevation, show your untroubled minde is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a little deere Neece.

*Eng.* This is excellent.

*Mom.* The Crises here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to sticke out; good. And the wart above it most exceeding good. Never trust me, if all things be not answerable to the prediction of a most Divine fortune towards her; now if she have the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

*Eng.* Well my Lord, since you will not tell me your secret, ile keepe another from you; with whose discovery, you may much pleasure me, and whose concealement may hurt my estate. And if you be no kinder then to see me so indangered; ile be very patient of it, I assure you.

*Mom.* Nay then it must instantly foorth. This kinde conjuration even fires it out of me; and (to be short) gather all your judgment together, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence* *Clarence*, rather my soule then my friēd *Carence* of too substantiall a worth, to have any figures cast about

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

bout him ( notwithstanding, no other woman with Empires could stirre his affections) is with your vertues most extreamely in love; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame shall sound this golden disticke through the World of you both.

*Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior aequi  
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum.*

*Eug.* Ay me poore Dame, O you amase me Vncle,  
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage?  
What man may miserable women trust?

*Mom.* O peace good Lady, I come not to ravish  
you to any thing. But now I see how you accept my mo-  
tion: I perceive (how upon true triall) you esteeme me.  
Have I rid all this Circuit to levie the powers of your  
Iudgment, that I might not prove their strength too  
sodainly with so violent a charge; And do they fight it  
out in white bloud, and show me their hearts in the  
soft Christall of teares?

*Eug.* O uncle you have wounded your selfe in charg-  
ing me that I should shun Iudgement as a monster, if it  
would not weeps; I place the poore felicity of this  
World in a woorthy friend, and to see him so unwor-  
thily revolted, I shed not the teares of my Brayne, but  
the teares of my soule. And if ever nature made teares  
th'effects of any worthy cause, I am sure I now shed  
them worthily.

*Mom.* Her sensuall powers are up yfaith, I have thrust  
her soule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes va-*  
*cans* when her subjects are priviledged to libell against  
her, and her friends. But weeps my kinde Neece for the  
wounds of my friendship? And I toucht in friendship  
for wishing my friend doubled in her singular happi-  
nesse?

*Eug.* How am I doubl'd: when my honour, and good  
name



Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:

name, two essentiall parts of me ; would be lesse, and losse?

*Mom.* In whose judgment ?

*Eug.* In the judgment of the World.

*Mom.* Which is a fooles boult. *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotius, quam vulgaris opinio:* But my deare Neece, it is most true that your honour, and good name tendred, as they are the species of truth, are worthily two essentiall parts of you ; But as they consist only in ayrie titles, and corruptible bloud ( whose bitternes *sanitas & non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base, and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternity. And yet shall no nobility you have in eyther, be impaired neyther.

*Eug.* Not to marry a poore Gentleman ?

*Mom.* Respect him not so ; for as he is a Gentleman he is noble ; as he is wealthily furnished with true knowledge, he is rich, and therein adorn'd with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting noblenesse.

*Eug.* Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such kinde of noblenesse gives no coates of honour, nor can scarce get a coate for necessity.

*Mom.* Then is it not substantiall knowledge ( as it is in him ) but verball, and fantasticall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.*

*Eug.* Why seekes he me then ?

*Mom.* To make you joynt partners with him in all things, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that universall joynture: The bignesse of this circle held too neere our eye keeps it from the whole Spheare of the Sun; but could we sustaine it indifferently betwixt us, and it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

*Eug.* Good Vnckle be content, for now shall I never dreame of contentment.

*Mom.* I have more then done Lady, and had rather have suffer'd an alteration of my being, then of your

Judgment ; but ( deere Neece ) for your own honours sake repaire it instantly.

*Enter Hippolyta, Penelope, Iacke, Will.*

See heere comes the Ladies ; make an Aprill day, on deare love , and bee sodainly cheerefull. God save you more then faire Ladies , I am glad your come , for my busines will have me gone presently.

*Hip.* Why my Lord *Momford* I say? will you goe before Dinner ?

*Mom.* No remedy, sweet Beauties , for which rudnesse I lay my hands thus low for your pardons.

*Pen.* O Courteous Lo. *Momford*!

*Mom.* Neece? ————— *Mens est quæ sola quietos,  
Sola facit claros, mentemque honoribus ornat. Exit.*

*Eug.* *Verus honos juvat, at mendax infamia terret.*

*Mom.* Mine owne deare nephew ?

*Cl.* What successe my Lord ?

*Mom.* Excellent ; excellent ; come Ile tell thee all. *Exeunt.*

*Hip.* Doe you heare Madam, how our youthes here have guld our three Suiters ?

*Eug.* Not I Lady, I hope our suiters are no fit meat for our Pages.

*Pe.* No Madam , but they are fit sawce for any mans meat , Ile warrent them.

*Eug.* What's the matter *Hippolyta* ?

*Hip.* They have sent the Knights to *Barnet*, Madam, this frosty morning to meet us there.

*Eug.* I ft true youths, are Knights fit subjects for your knaveries ?

*Will.* Pray pardon us Madam, we would be glad to please any body.



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Ia.* I indeed, Madam, and we were sure we pleased them highly, to tell them you were desirous of their company.

*Hip.* O t'was good *Eugenia*, their livers were too hot, you know, and for tempers sake they must needs have a cooling carder plaid upon them.

*Wil.* And besides Madam we wood have them know that your two little Pages, which are lesse by halfe then two leaves, have more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

*Ia.* I yfaith *Will*, and put their great pagicall index to them too.

*Hip.* But how will ye excuse your abuses wags?

*Wil.* We doubt not Madam, but if it please your Ladieship to put up their abuses.

*Ia.* Trusting they are not so deere to you, but you may.

*Wil.* We shall make them gladly furnish their pockets with them.

*Hip.* Well, children, and foules, agree as you will, and let the World know now, women have nothing to doe with you.

*Pe.* Come, Madam, I thinke your Dinner be almost ready.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob.*

*Hip.* And see, here are two honourable guests for you, the Lord *Tales*, and sir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

*Ta.* Lacke you any guests Madam?

*Eu.* I my Lo. such guests as you.

*Hip.* Theres as common an answer, as yours was a question my Lord.

*King.* Why? all things shoold be common betwixt Lords, and Ladies, you know.

*Pen.* Indeed sir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I have heard, you are either of the family of *Love*, or of no religion at all.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Eug.* He may well be said to be of the family of love, he does so flow in the loves of poore overthrowne Ladies.

*King.* You speake of that I wood doe Madam, but in earnest, I am now suing for a new Mistres; looke in my hand sweet Lady, and tell me what fortune I shall have with her.

*Eug.* Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Pardon me Madam, but I know you to be learned in all things.

*Eug.* Come on, lets see.

*Hip.* He does you a speciall favour Lady, to give you his open hand, for tis commonly shut they say.

*King.* What find you in it Madam?

*Eug.* Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

*King.* What now Lady?

*Eug.* Y'ave the worst hand that ever I saw Knight have, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis shut one can get nothing out ont.

*King.* The age of letting goe is past, Madam; we must not now let goe, but strike up mens heeles, and take an as they fall.

*Eug.* A good Cornish principle beleve it sir *Cutberd*.

*Tales.* But I pray tell me Lady *Penelope*, how entertaine you the love of my Cosen sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*.

*Pene.* Are the *Goose-cappes* a kin to you my Lord?

*Ta.* Even in the first degree Madam. And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he seeme something simple, is compos'd of as many good parts as any Knight in England.

*Hip.* He snood be put up for concealement then, for he shewes none of them.

*Pen.* Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

*Ta.* Ile doe the best I can Lady, first, he dances as comely, and lightly as any man, for upon my honour, I have seene him danse upon Egges, and a has not broken them.

*Pene.* Nor crackt them neyther.



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Ta.* That I know not, indeed I would be loath, to lie though he be my kinsman, to speake more then I know by him.

*Eug.* Well forth my Lord.

*Ta.* He has an excellent skill in all manner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloves from forty pence, to forty shillings a paire; he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

*Hip.* A pretty sweet quality beleeve me.

*Tales.* Nay Lady he will perfume you gloves himselfe most delicately, and give them the right Spanish Titillation.

*Pene.* Titillation what's that my Lord?

*Tal.* Why, Lady, tis a pretty kinde of terme new come up in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

*Hip.* Very well expounded my Lo; forth with your kinsmans parts I pray.

*Tal.* He is the best Sempster of any woman in England, and will worke you needle-worke-edgings, and French Purles, from an Angell to foure Angells a yarde.

*Eug.* That's pretious ware indeed.

*Tal.* He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grew in the very place, and being a delicate perfumer, he will give it you his perfect, and naturall favour.

*Hip.* This is wonderfull; forth sweet Lo. *Tales.*

*Tal.* He will make you flies, and wormes, of all sorts most lively, and is now working a whole bed embroded, with nothing but glowe wormes; whose lights a has so perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the Chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

*Pene.* Never trust me, if it be not incredible; forth my good Lord.

*Tal.* He is a most excellent Turner, and will turne you wassel-bowles, and posset Cuppes caru'd with lib-

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

berds faces, and Lyons heads with spouts in their mouths, to let out the posset Ale, most artificially.

*Eng.* Forth good Lord Tales.

*Pene.* Nay good my Lord no more, you have spoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

*Hip.* I lay my life *Cupid* has shot my sister in love with him out of your lips my Lord.

*Eng.* Well, come in my Lords, and take a bad Dinner with me now, and we will all goe with you at night to a better supper with the Lo. and Lady *Furnifall*.

*King. Tale.* We attend you honourable Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

ACTVS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Rudesby, Goose-cappe.*

*Rud. Bullaker.*

*Bul.* I Sir.

*Rud.* Ride, and catch the Captaines Horse.

*Bul.* So I doe Sir.

*Rud.* I wonder, Sir *Gyles*, you wood let him goe so, and not ride after him.

*Ooof.* Wood I might never be mortall sir *Cut.* if I rid not after him, till my horse sweat, so that he had nere a dry thread on him, and hollod, and hollod to him to stay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood have gon off with hollowings; He be sworne to yee, & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*, and would never stay for us.

*Rud.* How shall we doe to get the lame Captaine to London, now his horse is gone?

*Goof.* Why? he is but a lame jad neyther Sir *Moyle*, we shall soone our'take him I warrent ye.

*Rud.* And yet thou saist thou gallopst after him as fast as thou coodst, and coodst not Catch him; I lay my



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

my life some Crabfish has bitten thee by the tongue,  
thou speakest so backward still.

*Goof.* But heres all the doubt sir *Cutt.* if no bo-  
dy shoold catch him now, when he comes at London,  
some boy or other wood get up on him, and ride  
him hot into the water to wash him; Ile bee  
sworne I followed one that rid my Horse into the  
Thames, till I was up-tooth knees hethereto; and  
if it had not beene for feare of going over shoos,  
because I am troubled with the rheume, I wood  
have taught him to wash my Horse when he was  
hot yfaith.

*Enter Fowlewéather.*

How now, sweet Captaine, dost feele any ease in thy paine  
yet?

*Rud.* Ease in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if  
he feele ease in paine, I thinke, but wood any asse in the  
World ride downe such a Hill as High-gate is, in such a  
frost as this, and never light.

*Paul.* Cods precious sir *Cutt.* your *Frenchman* never  
lights I tell ye.

*Goof.* Light sir *Cutt.* Slight, and I had my horse againe,  
theres nere a paltry English frost an them all shoold  
make me light?

*Rud.* Goe too you *French Zanies* you, you will follow  
the *French* steps so long, till you be not able to set one  
sound steppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

*Goof.* Why sir *Cut.* I care not if I be not sound, so I  
be well, but we were justly plagu'd by this Hill, for fol-  
lowing women thus.

*Fowl.* I, and English women too, sir *Gyles.*

*Rud.* Thou art still prating against English women,  
I have seene none of the *French Dames*, I confesse, but  
your greatest gallants, for men in *Francee*, were here late-  
ly, I am sure, and me thinks there should be no more  
difference

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

difference betwixt our Ladies, and theirs, then there is betwixt our Lords, and theirs, and our Lords are as farr beyond them yfaith, for person, and Courtship, as they are beyond ours for phantasticality.

*Foul.* O Lord sir *Cut.* I am sure our Ladies hold our Lords tacked for Courtship, and yet the *French* Lords put them downe, you noted it sir *Gyles.*

*Goof.* O God sir, I stud, and heard it, as I sat in presence.

*Rud.* How did they put them downe, I pray thee?

*Foul.* Why for wit, and for Courtship Sir *Moile.*

*Foul.* As how good left-handed *Francois.*

*Foul.* Why Sir when *Monsieur Lambois* came to your mistris the Lady *Hippolyta* as she sate in the presence, sit downe here good Sir *Gyles Goose-cappe*, he kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a most queint *French* start in his speech of ah *bellissime*, I desire to die now saies he for your love that I might be buried here.

*Rud.* A good pickt-hatch complement, by my faith; but I prethee what answer'd she.

*Foul.* She, I scorne to note that, I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

*Rud.* That was hah, hah, I wood have put the third hah to it, if I had beene as my Mistris, and hah, hah, haht him out of the presence yfaith.

*Foul.* Hah saies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *France*, they wood renew all our civill-wars againe.

*Goof.* That was not so good methinkes Captaine.

*Rud.* Well, iudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that, I must confesse, but she put him downe far, & answered him with a question, & that was whether he wood seeme a lover, or a jester? if a lover, he must tell her far more lykeliar then those, or else she was far from beleeving them, if a jester, she cood have much more ridiculous jests then his of twenty fooles, that followed the  
Court,



*Sir Gyles Goosecappe.*

Court, and told him she ha as lieve be courted with a brush faggot as with a French man, that spent it selfe all in sparkes, and would sooner fire ones chimney then warme the house, and that such sparkes were good enough yet to set thacht dispositions a fire, but hers was tild with sleight, and respected them as sleightly.

*Goos.* Why so Captaine, and yet you talke of your great Frenchmen, to God little England had never knowne them *I* may say.

*Foul.* What's the matter *sir Gyles*? are you out of love with Frenchmen now of a sodaine?

*Goos.* Slydd Captaine, Wood not make one, Ile hee sworne. Ile bee sworne, they tooke away a mastie Dogge of mine by commission now, I thinke on't, makes my teares stand in my eyes with grieve, I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever *I* lay withall, in my life, be this light, never stir if he fought not with great *Sekerson* foure hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and tooke so many loaves from him, that he sterud him presently: So at last the dog cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the beare being havy with hunger you know, fell upon the Dogge, broke his backe, and the Dogge never stird more.

*Rud.* Why thou saist the French men tooke him away.

*Goos.* Frenchmen, *I*, so they did too, but yet, and he had not bin kild, twood nere a greevd me.

*Foul.* O excellent unity of speech.

*Enter Will, and Iacke as seucrall Doores*

*Will.* Save ye Knights.

*Ia.* Save you Captaine.

*Foul.* Pages, welcome my fine Pages.

*Rud.* Welcome boyes.

*Goos.* Welcome sweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Foul.* But how chance you are so farre from London now pages ? is it almost Dinner time ?

*Wil.* Yes indeed Sir, but we left our fellowes to wait for once, and cood not chuse in pure love to your worships, but we must needs come, and meet you, before you meet our Ladies, to tell you a secret.

*Omnes.* A secret, what secret I pray thee ?

*Ia.* If ever your worships say anything, we are undone for ever.

*Omnes.* Not for a World beleeve it.

*Will.* Why then this it is ; we over-heard our Ladies as they were talking in private say, they refus'de to meet you at *Barnet* this morning of purpose, because they wood try which of you were most patient.

*Ia.* And some said you, *Sir Gyles*, another you *Sir*. and the third you *Captaine*.

*Om.* This was excellent.

*Wil.* Then did they sweare one another not to excuse themselves to you by any meanes, that they might try you the better, now if they shall see you say nothing in the World to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to try their suters once, I hope your wisedomes can judge a little.

*Foul.* O ho, my little knave, let us alone now yfaith, wood I might be Casheird, if I say any thing.

*Rud.* Faith, and I can forbeare my Tongue as well as a iother, I hope.

*Goof.* Wood I might be degraded, if I speake a word, Ile tell them I care not for loosing my labour.

*Foul.* Come Knights shall wee not reward the Pages ?

*Rud.* Yes I prethee doe, *sir Gyles* give the boyes something.

*Goof.* Never stirre *sir Cut.* if I have ever a groat about me but one three pence.

*Foul.* VVell Knights ile lay out fors all, here my



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my fine Pages.

*Wil.* No in deed ant please your worship.

*Foul.* O Pages refuse a Gentlemans bounty ?

*Ia.* Cry you mercy Sir, thanke you sweet Captaine.

*Foul.* And what other newes is stirring my fine villiacos.

*Wil.* Marry Sir, they are invited to a great supper to night to your Lords house, Captaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will be your great cosen *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe*, the *Lo. Tales*, and your Vnckle *Sir Cut. Rudesby*, *Sir Curbert Kingcob*.

*Foul.* The *Lo. Tales*, what countriman is he ?

*Ia.* A kentith *Lo. sir*, his ancestors came forth off *Canterbury*.

*Foul.* Out of *Canterbury*.

*Wil.* I indeed, *Sir*, the best *Tales* in England are your *Canterbury Tales*, I assure ye.

*Rud.* The boy tels thee true Captaine.

*Ia.* He writes his name *Sir, Tales*, and he being the tenth sonne his Father had ; his Father Christned him *Decem Tales*, and so his whole name is the *Lord Decem Tales*.

*Goof.* A my mortality the boy knowes more then I doe of our house.

*Rud.* But is the *LA. Furnifall* (Captaine) still of the same drinking humor she was wont to be ?

*Foul.* Still of the same, Knight, and is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie, for in her sobriety she is madd, and feares my good little old *Lo.* out of all proportion.

*King.* And therefore, as I heare, he will earnestly invite guests to his house, of purpose to make his wife dronke, and then dotes on her humour most prophanely.

*Foul.* Tis very true Knight ; we will suppe with them to night ; and you shall see her ; and now I thinke ont, ile tell you a thing Knights, wherein perhaps you

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

may exceedingly pleasure me.

*Goos.* What's that good Captaine?

*Foul.* I am desirous to helpe my Lord to a good merry Foole, & I cood helpe him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I assure ye.

*Rud.* Sbioud thou speakest to us as if we cood serue thy turne.

*Foul.* O France Sir *Cut.* your Frenchman wood not have taken me so, for a world, but because Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merry.

*Rud.* As thou doest.

*Goos.* Nay good sir *Cut.* you know fooles doe come into your companies.

*Rud.* I and thou knowst it too, no man better.

*Foul.* Beare off with Choller Sir *Gyles.*

*Wil.* But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole so faine Sir?

*Foul.* I my good page exceeding faine.

*Ia.* You meane a wench, do you not Sir, a foolish wench?

*Foul.* Nay I wood have a man foole, for his Lord, Page.

*Wil.* Does his Lo. love a foole; so well I pray?

*Foul.* Assure thy selfe page, my Lord loves a foole, as he loves himselfe,

*Ia.* Of what degree wood you have your Foole Sir? for you may have of all manner of degrees.

*Foul.* Faith, I wood have him a good Emphaticall Foole, one that wood make my Lord laugh well, and I carde no I.

*Wil.* Laugh well (um) then we must know this sir, is your Lord costive of laughter, or laxative of laughter?

*Foul.* Nay he is a good merry little Lord, and indeed sometimes Laxative of Laughter.

*Wil.* Why then sir the lesse wit will serue his Lordships



ships turne, marry if he had bin costive of laughte he must have had two or three drams of wit the more in his foole, for we must minister according to the quantity of his Lord-humor, you know, and if he shood have as much wit in his foole being laxative of laughter, as if he were costive of Laughter, why he might laugh himselfe into an *Epilepsie*, and fall downe dead sodainly, as many have done with the extremity of that passion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a Foole.

*Foul.* That ith right my notable good page.

*Ia.* VVhy, and for that health, sir, we will warrant his Lordship, that if he shood have all *Bacon de sanitate tuenda* read to him, it shood not please his Lordship so well as our Foole shall.

*Foul.* Remercy my more then English pages.

*Goof.* A my word I have not seene pages have so much wit, that have never bin in *France* Captaine.

*Foul.* Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*, well then my almost french Elixers will you helpe my Lord to a Foole so fit for him as you say.

*Wil.* As fit, Ile warrant you Captaine, as if he were made for him, and he shall come this night to supper, and foole where his Lord sits at table.

*Foul.* Excellent fit, faile not now my sweet pages.

*Ia.* Not for a world, sir, we will goe both and seeke him presently.

*Foul.* Doe so my good wagges

*Wil.* Save you Knights.

*Ia.* Save you Captaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Foul.* Farewell my pretty knaves, come Knights, shall we resolve to goe to this Supper?

*Rud.* VVhat else?

*Goof.* And let's provide torches for our men to sit at dore withall, Captaine.

*Foul.* That we will, I warrent you, sir *Gyles*.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Rud.* Torches ? why the Moone will shine man.

*Goof.* The Moone sir *Cut* : I scorne the Moone yfaith, Slydd sometimes a man shall not get her to shine, & if he wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them must be whit too, God forgive me, I cud never abide her since yesterday, she seru'd me such a tricke tother night.

*Rud.* VVhy tricke sir *Gyles* ?

*Goof.* VVhy sir *Cut*. cause the daies be mortall, and short now you know, and I love daie light well; I thought it went away faster then it needed, and run after it into *Finsbury* fieldes ith calme evening to see the wind-Mils goe; and even as I was going over a Ditch the Moone by this light of purpose runnes me behind a Cloud, and lets me fall into the Ditch by Heaven.

*Rud.* That was ill done in her, in deed sir *Gyles*.

*Goof.* Ill done sir *Cut* ? Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but, and she have noe more good manners, but to make every blacke slovenly Cloud a pearle in her eye I shall nere love English Moone againe, while I live, Ile be sworne to ye.

*Foul.* Come Knights to London Horse, Horse, Horse.

*Rud.* In what a case he is with the poore English Moone, because the *French* Moones (their Torches) will be the lesse in fashion, and I warrent you the Captaine will remember it too, tho he say nothing, he seconds his resolute chase so, and follows him, Ile lay my life you shall see them the next cold night, shut the Mooneshine out of their Chambers, and make it lie without Doores all night. I discredit my wit with their company, now I thinke on't, plague a god on them; Ile fall a beating on them presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Lord Momford, and Clarence.*

*Clarence, Horatio.*

*Cla.* Sing good *Horatio*, while I sigh, and write.  
According to my master *Platos* minde,  
The soule is musicke, and doth therefore joy  
In accents musicall, which he that hates  
With points of discord is together tyed,  
And barks at *Reason*, Consonant in sense.  
*Divine Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme  
Of musicke, and of *Reason*, and presents  
The soule exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd;  
Who must not love her then, that loves his soule?  
To her I write, my friend, the state of friends  
Will needs have my strange lines greet her strange eies  
And for her sake ile power my poore Soule forth  
In floods of inke, but did not his kinde hand  
Barre me with violent grace, I wood consume.  
In the white flames of her impassionate love,  
Ere my harsh lipps shood vent the odorous blaze.  
For I am desperate of all worldly joyes,  
And there was never man so harsh to men,  
When I am fullest of digested life,  
I seeme a livelesse *Embriom* to all  
Each day rackt up in night-like Funerall.  
Sing good *Horatio*, whilst I sigh, and write.

*Canto.*

*The Letter.*

*Suffer him to love that suffers not loving, my love is  
without passion, and therefore free from alteration.*

Prose is too harsh, and Verse is Poetry  
why shood I write, then? merry clad in iake

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

is but a manner, and as good as naked.  
I will not writ, our my friend shall speake for me.  
Sing one stave more my good *Horatio*.

*Canto*

I must remember I know whom I love,  
a dame of learning, and of life exempt  
from all the idle fancies of her Sex,  
and this that to an other dame wood feeme  
perplex, and foulded in a rudelesse vaile  
will be more cleere then ballads to her eye.  
He writ, but if to satisfie my friend.  
your third stave sweet *Horatio*, and no more.

*Canto.*

How vainele doe I offer my strange love ?  
I marry, and bid states, and entertaine  
Ladies with tales, and jests, and Lords with newes;  
and keepe a House to feast *Asteons* hounds  
that eat their Master, and let idle guests  
draw me from serious search of things divine?  
to bid them sit, and welcome, and take care  
to sooth their pallats with choyce kitchin-stuff,  
as all must doe that marry, and keepe House,  
and then looke on the left side of my yoake  
or on the right perhaps, and see my wife  
Drawe in a quite repugnant course from me  
busied to starch her French purles, and her puffs,  
when I am in my *Anima reflexa*  
*quid est felicitas? qua origo rerum?*  
and make these beings that are knowne to be  
the onely serious object of true men  
seeme shadowes, with substantiall stir she keeps  
about her shadowes, which if husbands love  
They must beleeve, and thus my other selfe  
Brings me another body to dispose,  
That have already much too much of one,  
And must not looke for any Soule of her



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

To helpe to rule two bodies.

*Mom.* Fie for shame.

I never heard of such an antheame.

Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men?

Why, friend, they eyther are mens soules themselves,

Or the most witty imitatrixes of them;

Or prettiest sweet apes of humane Soules,

That ever Nature fram'd; as *I* will prove.

For first they be *Substantia lucida*,

And purer then mens bodies like their soules.

Which mens harsh haire both of their brest, & chinne

Occasioned by their grosse, and ruder heate:

Plainely demonstrats: Then like soules they doe,

*Movere corpora*, for no power on Earth

Moves a mans body, as a woman does.

Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*,

Or adde faire formes to men, as their soules doe:

For but for women, who wood care for formes?

*I* vow *I* never wood wash face, nor hands,

Nor care how ragg'd, or slovenly *I* went,

Wer't not for women, who of all mens pompes

Are the true finall causes: Then they make

Men in their Seedes immortall, like their soules,

That els wood perish in a spanne of time.

Oh! they be soule-like-creatures, and my Neece

The soule of twenty rare soules stil'd in one.

*Cl.* That, that it is my Lord, that makes me love.

*Mom.* Oh are ye come sir, welcome to my Neece,

As *I* may say, at midnight, gentle friend,

What have you wrot *I* pray?

*Cl.* Strange stufte my Lord.

*Mom.* Indeed the way to beleeve is to love

And the right way to love is to beleeve,

This *I* will carry now with pen, and incke,

For her to use in answere, see, sweet friend,

She shall not stay to call, but while the Steele

Of her affection is made soft, and hot,

*Hee reads, and  
comments.*

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

He strike, and take occasion by the brow.

Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Had ever man so true, and noble friend?  
Or wood men thinke this sharpe worlds freezing Aire,  
To all true honour, and iudiciall love,  
Wood suffer such a flourishing pyne in both.  
To overlooke the boxe trees of this time?  
When the learn'd minde hath by impulsion wrought  
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame;  
No elementall smoke can darken it,  
Nor Northren coldnesse nippe her *Daphnean* Flower,  
O sacred friendship thanks to thy kinde power,  
That being retir'd from all the faithlesse World,  
Appear'st to me in my unworldly friend,  
And for thine own sake let his noble minde,  
By moving presedent to all his kinde,  
( Like just *Deucalson* ) of Earths stony bones  
Repaire the World, with humane bloud, and flesh,  
And dying vertue with new life refresh. *Exit.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

*Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.*

*King.* Tis time to leave your Chests, Ladies, tis too studious an exercise after Dinner.

*Ta.* Why is it cal'd Chests?

*Hip.* Because they leane upon their Chests that play at it.

*Tal.* I wood have it cal'd the strife of wits, for tis a game so witty, that with strife for maistry, we hunt it eagerly.

*Eug.* Specially where the wit of the *Goose-cappes* are in chase my Lord.

*Tal.* I am a *Goose-cappe* by the mothers side, Madam,  
at



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

at least my mother was a *Goose-cappe*.

*Pene.* And you were her white sonne, I warrant my Lord.

*Tal.* I was the youngest, Lady, and therefore must bee her white sonne, yee know, the youngest of ten I was.

*Hip.* And the wisest of Fifteene.

*Tal.* And sweet Lady will yee cast a kinde eye now upon my Cofin, *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe*.

*Pene.* Pardon my Lord, I have never a spare eye to cast away I assure ye.

*Tal.* I wonder you should count it cast away, Lady, upon him; doe you remember those few of his good parts I rehearse to you?

*Pene.* Very perfectly my Lord, amongst which one of them was, that he is the best Sempster of any woman in England, pray lets see some of his worke?

*Hip.* Sweet Lord lets see him sowe a little.

*Tal.* You shall, a mine honour, Lady.

*Eug.* Hees a goodly great Knight indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettely.

*King.* From the *Spanish Pike* to the *Spanish Needle*, he shall play with any Knight in England Lady.

*Eug.* But not *à converso*, from the *Spanish needle* to the *Spanish Pike*.

*King.* I thinke he be too wise for that indeed Madam, for he has 20. Miles length in land lies together, and he wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a Pike.

*Hip.* But no man commends my blunt Servant sir *Cut. Rudesby* methinks

*King.* Hee is a kinde Gentleman, Lady, though he be blunt, and is of this humour, the more you presume upon him without Ceremonie, the more hee loves you, if he know you thinke him kinde once, and will say nothing but still use him, you may melt him into any kindnesse you will; he is right like a wo-

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

man, and had rather, you should bluntly take the greatest favour you can of him, then shamefully intreat it.

*Eng.* He saies well to you *Hippolyta*.

*Hip.* I Madam, but they say, he will beate one in jest, and byte in kindenesse, and teare ones ruffes in Courtship.

*King.* Some that he makes sport withall perhaps, but none that he respects, I assure ye.

*Hip.* And what's his living sir *Cutberd*?

*King.* Some two thousand a yeere *Lady*.

*Hip.* I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I stand not upon living.

*King.* O good *Lady*, who can live without living?

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Still heere Lordings? good companions yfaith, I see you come not for vittles.

*Tal.* Vittles, my Lord? I hope wee have vittles at home.

*Mom.* I but sweet Lord, there is a principle in the Politicians physicke, Eat not your meat upon other mens trenchers, & beware of surfets of your owne coste: manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home, ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire *Lady Feeres*?

*Eng.* What winde blowes you hether troe?

*Mom.* Harke you Madam, the sweet gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper sayle blowes me hether.

*Eng.* Aye me still, in that humour? beshrewe my heart, if I take any Papers from him.

*Mom.* Kinde bosome doe thou take it then

*Eng.* Nay then never trust me.

*Mom.* Let it fall then, or cast it away, you were best that every body may discover your love suites, doe; theres



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

theres somebody neare, if you note it, and how have you spent the time since Dinner nobles?

*King.* At chests my Lord.

*Mom.* Read it Neece.

*Eng.* Here beare it backe, I pray.

*Mom.* I beare you on my backe to heare you; & how play the Ladies sir *Cuthbert*, what men doe they play best withall, with Knights or rookes?

*Tal.* With Knights my Lord.

*Mom.* 'Tis pittie their boord is no broader, and that some men called guls are not added to their game.

*King.* Why my Lo? it needs not, they make the Knights guls.

*Mom.* That's pretty sir *Cuthbert*, you have begon. I know Neece, forth I command you.

*Eng.* O yare a sweet uncie.

*Mom.* I have brought here a little *Greece*, to helpe mee out withall, and shees so coy of her learning forsooth, she makes it strange: Lords, and Ladies I invite you all to supper to night, and you shall not deny me.

*All.* We will attend your Lordship.

*Tal.* Come Ladies let's into the gallery a little.

*Exeunt.*

*Mom.* And now what saies mine owne deere Neece yfaith?

*Eng.* What shood she say to the backside of a paper?

*Mom.* Come, come, I know you have bin a'the belly side.

*Eng.* Now was there ever Lord so prodigall of his owne honour'd bloud, and dignity?

*Mom.* Away with these same horse faire allegations; will you answer the letter?

*Eng.* Gods my life, you goe like a cunning spokesman, answer uncie; what doe you thinke me desperate of a husband?

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

*Mom.* Not so Neece, but carelesse of your poore Vncle.

*Eng.* I will not writ that's certaine.

*Mom.* What will you have my friend, and I perish? doe you thirst our blouds?

*Eng.* O yare in a mighty danger, noe doubt on't.

*Mom.* If you have our blouds, beware our ghosts, I can tell ye, come will ye write?

*Eng.* I will not write yfaith.

*Mom.* yFaith dame, then I must be your secretary, I see, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate, and ile write.

*Eng.* If you write no otherwise then I dictate, it will scarce prove a kinde answer, I beleeve.

*Mom.* But you will be advisd, I trust. Secretaries are of counsell with their Countesses, thus it begins. Suffer him to love, that suffers not loving, what answere you to that?

*Eng.* He loves extreaimely that suffers not in love.

*Mom.* He answers you for that presently, his love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, for *Pati* you know is *in alterationem labi*; he loves you in his soule, he tels you, wherein there is no passion, saie dame what answer you?

*Eng.* Nay if I answere any thing.

*Mom.* Why? very well, ile answere for you.

*Eng.* You answere? shall I set my hand to your answere?

*Mom.* I by my faith shall ye.

*Eng.* By my faith, but you shall answere as I wood have you then.

*Mom.* Alwaies put in with advics of your secretary, Neece, come, what answere you?

*Eng.* Since you needes will have my Answere, Ile answere briefely to the first, and last part of his letter.

*Mom.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Mom.* Doe so Neece, and leave the midst for himselfe a gods name: what is your answeare?

*Eng.* I cannot but suffer you to love, if you doe love.

*Mom.* Why very good, there it is, and will requite your love; say you so?

*He writes, and she dictates.*

*Eng.* Beshrow my lipps then my Lord.

*Mom.* Beshrow my fingers but you shall; what you may promise to requite his love, and yet not promise him marriage, I hope; well, and will requite your love.

*Eng.* Nay good my Lord, hold your hand, for ile be sworne, ile not set my hand too't.

*Mom.* Well hold off your hand good Madam, till it shood come on, Ile be ready for it anon, I warrent ye: now forth; my love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration, what answeare you to that Madam?

*Eng.* Even this my Lord, your love being mentall, needs no bodily Requital.

*Mom.* I am content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

*Eng.* What but in hart?

*Mom.* Hold off your hand yet I say, I doe embrace, and repay it.

*Eng.* You may write uncle, but if you get my hand to it.

*Mom.* Alas Neece, this is nothing, ist any thing to a bodily marriage, to say you love a man in soule, if your harts agree, and yout bodies meet not? simple marriage rites, now let us foorth: he is in the way to felicity, and desires your hand.

*Eng.* My hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicity.

*Mom.* Very good, may not any woman say this now. Conclude now sweet Neece.

*Eng.* And so God prosper your journey.

*Mom.* Charitably concluded, though farre short of that love I wood have showen to any friend of yours,  
Neece

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

Neece, I sweare to you, your hand now, and let this little stay his appetite.

*Eug.* Read what you have writ my Lord.

*Mom.* What needs that, Madam? you remember it, I am sure.

*Eug.* Well if it want sense in the Composition, let my secretary be blam'd for't, thers my hand.

*Mom.* Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

*Eug.* Why now, more then before I pray?

*Mom.* That you shall see strait, I cannot but suffer you to love if you doe love, and will requite your love.

*Eug.* Remember that requitall was of your owne putting in, but it shall be after my fashion, I warrant ye.

*Mom.* Interrupt me no more, your love being mentall needs no bodily requitall, but in hart I embrace, and repay it; my hand shall alwaies signe the way to felicity, and my selfe knit with you in the bands of marriage ever walke with you, in it, and so God prosper our journey:

*Eugenia.*

*Eug.* Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

*Mom.* By my life but it is Neece.

*Eug.* By my life but tis none of my deed then.

*Mom.* Doe you use to set your hand to that, which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you shall performe it too.

*Eug.* Why? this is plaine dishonoured deceit. Does all your truest kindnes end in law?

*Mom.* Have patience Neece, for what so ere I say, Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free love shall joyne my friend, and thee, or naught at all, By my friends love, and by this kisse it shall.

*Eug.* Why, thus did false *Acontius* snare *Cydippe*.

*Mom.* Indeed decre love his wife was something like, And then tis no unheard-of treachery, That was enacted in a goddesse Eye: *Acontius* worthy love feard not *Diana*

Before



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

Before whom he contriv'd this sweet deceite.

*Eug.* Well there you have my hand, but ile besworne  
I never did thing so against my will.

*Mom.* I will prove the better Madam, doubt it not.  
And to allay the billows of your bloud,  
Raif'd with my motion bold, and opposite,  
Deere Neece suppe with me, and refresh your spirites:  
I have invited your companions,  
With the two guests that din'd with you to day,  
And will send for the old Lord *Furnifall*,  
The Captaine, and his mates, and (tho at night)  
We will be merry as the morning *Larke*.

*Eug.* No, no my Lord, you will have *Clarence* there.

*Mom.* Alas poore Gentleman, I must tell you now,  
He's extreame sicke, and was so when he writ,  
Tho he did charge me not to tell you so;  
And for the World he cannot come abroad.

*Eug.* Is this the man that without passion loves?

*Mom.* I doe not tell you he is sicke with love;  
Or if he be, tis wilfull passion.  
Which he doth choose to suffer for your sake,  
And cood restraine his sufferance with a thought,  
Vpon my life, he will not trouble you;  
And therefore, worthy Neece, faile not to come.

*Eug.* I will on that condition.

*Mom.* Tis perform'd: for were my friend well, and  
cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your com-  
pany, but one of you I must have, or I die, oh such a  
friend is worth a monarchy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Furnifall. Rudsby. Goose-  
cappe. Fouleweather. Bullaker.*

*Far.* Nay my gallants I will tell you more.

*All.* Forth good my Lord.

*Far.* The evening came, and then our waxen starres  
Sparkled about the heavenly Court of *France*.  
When I then young, and radiant as the sunne

Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.

Gave luster to those lamps, and curling thus  
My golden foretope stept into the presence,  
Where set with other princely Dames I found  
The Countesse of *Lancalier*, and her neece,  
Who as I told you cast so fix'd an eye  
On my behaviours talking with the King.

*All.* True my good Lord.

*Fur.* They rose when I came in, and all the lights  
Burn'd dim for shame, when I stood up, and shin'd.

*Foul.* O most passionate description sir *Cut.*

*Rud.* True of a candles end.

*Goof.* The passingst description of a candle, that ever  
lived sir *Cut.*

*Fur.* Yet aym'd I not at them, nor seem'd to note  
What grace they did me, but found courtly cause  
To talke with an accomplisht gentleman  
New come from *Italy*, in quest of newes  
I spake *Italian* with him.

*Rud.* What so young?

*Fur.* *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*

*Foul.* Slid a good speake it, Knight, at three yeeres old.

*Fur.* Nay, gentle Captain, doe not set me forth;  
I love it not, in truth I love it not.

*Foul.* Slight, my LO but truth is truth, you know.

*Goof.* I dare ensure your Lordship, Truth is truth, and  
I have heard in *Francee*, they speake *French* as well, as  
their mother tongue. my LO.

*Fur.* Why tis their mother tongue, my noble Knight.  
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note  
The Ladies notes of me: but held my talke,  
With that Italianate Frenchman, and tooke time  
(Still as our conference serv'd) to shew my Courtship  
In the three quarter legge, and settled looke,  
The quicke kisse of the top of the forefinger,  
And other such exploytes of good Accost;  
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes  
With such attention, that their favours swarm'd

About



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe:*

About my bosome, in my hart, mine eares,  
In skarffes about my thighes, upon mine armes  
Thicke on my wristes, and thicker on my hands,  
And still the lesse I sought, the more I found.  
All this I tell to this notorious end,  
That you may use your Courtship with lesse care  
To your coy mistresses; As when we strike  
A goodly Sammon, with a little line,  
We doe not tugge to hale her up by force,  
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke lost;  
But let her carelesse play alongst the streame,  
As you had left her, and sheele drowne her selfe.

*Foul.* A my life a most rich comparison.

*Goof.* Never stirre, if it be not a richer Caparison, then  
my Lo. my Cosin wore at Tilt for that was brodred with  
nothing but moone-shine it'h the water, and this has  
Sammons in't; by heaven a most edible Caparison.

*Ru.* Odious thou woodst say, for cōparisons are odious.

*Foul.* So they are indeed sir *Cut.* all but my Lords.

*Goof.* Be Caparisons odious sir *Cut?* what like flowers?

*Rud.* O asse they be odorous.

*Goof.* A botts at that stincking word odorous, I can  
never hitt on't.

*Fur.* And how like you my Court-counsell gallants, ha?

*Foul.* Out of all proportion excellent, my Lord; & be-  
leeve it for Emphaticall Courtship, your Lordship puts  
downe all the Lords of the Court.

*Fur.* No good Captaine no.

*Foul.* By *France* you doe, my Lord, for Emphaticall  
Courtship.

*Fur.* For Emphaticall Courtship indeed I can doe  
somewhat.

*Foul.* Then does your merry entertainment become you  
so festifally, that you have all the bravery of a Saint  
*Georges* Day about ye, when you use it.

*Fur.* Nay thats too much, in sadnesse, Captaine.

*Goof.* O good my Lo. let him prayse you, what so ere

Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.

it costs your Lordship.

*Foul.* I adore your Lordship, your merry behaviour does so festively show upon you, that every high holliday, when Ladies would be most beautifull; every one wishes to God she were turnd into such a little Lord as you, when y<sup>e</sup> are merry.

*Goof.* By this fire they doe my Lord, I have heard am.

*Fur.* Marry God forbid, Knight, they should be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them, amine honour.

*Foul.* Then for your Lordships quips, & quicke jests, why *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them; a my vertue.

*Fur.* Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Tha's an excellent wit, and thou shalt have Crownes, amine honour, and now Knights, and Captaine, the foole you told me off, do you all know him?

*Goof.* I know him best my Lord.

*Fur.* Doe you sir Gyles, to him then good Knight, and be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him unto us sir Gyles, paint him lively, lively now, my good Knightly boy.

*Goof.* Why my good Lord? he will nere be long from us, because we are all mortall you know.

*Fur.* Very true.

*Goof.* And as soone as ever we goe to Dinner, and Supper together.

*Rud.* Dinner and supper together, whens that troe?

*Goof.* A well come you in amongst us, with his Cloake buttend, loose under his chinne

*Rud.* Buttend loose, my Lord?

*Goof.* My Lord, buttend loose still, and both the flaps cast over before both his shoulders afore him.

*Rud.* Both shoulders, afore him?

*Fur.* From before him he meanes; forth good sir Gyles.

*Goof.* Like a potentate, my Lord?

*Rud.* Much like a Potentate indeed.

*Goof.* For all the world like a Potentate, S. Cut. ye know.

*Rud.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-caps.*

*Rud.* So Sir.

*Goof.* All his beard nothing but haire.

*Cud.* Or something else.

*Goof.* Or something else as you say.

*Foul.* Excellent good.

*Goof.* His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenge alwaies in an uncleane hand-kerchiffe, very cleanly, I warrant you, my Lord.

*Fur.* A good neate foole, sir *Gyles*, of mine honour.

*Goose.* Then his fine words that he sets them in, con-caticall, a fine Annisseede wench foole upon ticket, and so forth.

*Fur.* Passing strange words beleeeve me.

*Goof.* Knoth every man at the table, though he never saw him before, by sight, and then will he foole you so finely my Lord, that he will make your hart ake, till your eyes runne over.

*Fur.* The best that eyer I heard, gray mercy good Knight for thy merry description. Captaine, I give thee twenty companies of commendations, never to be cashierd.

*Enter Iacke, and Will on the other side.*

*Am.* Save your Lordship

*Fur.* My pretty cast-of *Merlins*, what prophecies with your little masterships?

*Ia.* Things that cannot come to passe my Lord, the worse our fortunes.

*Foul.* Why, whats the matter Pages?

*Rud.* How now my Ladies foysting hounds.

*Goof.* M. *Iacke*, M. *Ia.* how do ye M. *Wilsam*? frolicke?

*Wil.* Not so frolicke, as you left us, sir *Gyles*.

*Fur.* Why wags, what news bring you a Gods name?

*Ia.* Heavy newes indeed, my Lord, pray pardon us.

*Fur.* Heavy newes? not possible your little bodies cood bring am then, unload those your heavy newes, I beseech ye?

*Wil.* Why my Lord the foole we tooke for your Lo. is thought too wise for you, and we dare not present him.

*Sir Giles Goose. & appe.*

*Goos.* Slydd Pages, youle not cheates of our foole ? will ye ?

*Ia.* Why sir *Gyles* ? hees too dogged, and bitter for you in truth ; we shall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he shall make all the World laugh at us.

*Wil.* Indeed, sir *Gyles*, and he knowes you so well too.

*Gyles* Know me ? slight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his dish.

*Ia.* Faith he begs you to be content sir *Gyles*, for he wil not come.

*Goos.* Beg me ? slight I wood I had knowne that, tother Day, I thought I had met him in Paules, and he had bin any body else but a Piller, I wood have runne him through by heaven: beg me ?

*Foul.* He begges you to be content, sir *Gyles*, that is, he praies you.

*Goos.* O does he praise me then I commend him.

*Fur.* Let this unsutable foole goe sir *Gyles*, we will make shift without him.

*Goos.* That we will, a my word, my Lord, and have him too for all this.

*Wil.* Doe not you say so, sir *Gyles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

*Goos.* Dead ? slight that can not be man, I know he wood ha writ to me ant had bin so.

*Fur.* Quicke or dead, let him goe, sir *Gyles*.

*Ia.* I my Lord, for we have better newes for you to harken after.

*Fur.* VVhat are they my good Novations ?

*Ia.* My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lordship, and these Knights, & Captaine to accompany the Countesse *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies, at his house at supper to night.

*Wil.* All desiring your Lo. to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

*Fur.* VVithall my hart waggess, and thers amends ; my harts, now set your Courtship a the last, a the tainters, and pricke up yourselves for the Ladies.

*Goos.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe,*

*Goof.* O brave sir *Cut.* come lets pricke up the Ladies,  
*Fur.* And will not the Knights two noble kinsmen be there ?

*Ia.* Both will be there, my Lord.

*Fur.* Why theres the whole knot of us then, and there shall we knocke up the whole triplicity of your nuptials.

*Goof.* He make my Lord my Cosin speake for me.

*Foul.* And your Lordship will be for me I hope.

*Fur.* With tooth, and naile Captaine, A my Lordship.

*Rud.* Hang am Tytts, ile pommell my selfe into am.

*Ia.* Your Lo. your Cosin sir Gyles has promist the ladies they shall tee you sowe.

*Goof.* Cods me, wood I might never be mortall, if I doe not carry my worke with me.

*Fur.* Doe so sir Gyles, and withall use meanes  
To taint their high blouds with the shaft of love,  
Sometimes a fingers motion wounds their mindes:  
A jest, a jesture, or a pretty laugh:

A voyce, a present, ah, things done ith nicke  
VVound deepe, and sure, and let flie your gold;  
And we shall nuptialls have hold belly hold.

*Goof.* O rare sir *Cut.* we shall eate nut-shells.  
hold belly hold

*Exeunt.*

*Ia.* O pittifull Knight, that knowes not nuptialls from nut-shells!

*Wil.* And now *Comme portte vous monsieur!*

*Bul.* *Porte bien, vous remercy.*

*Ia.* VVe may see it indeed, Sir, and you shall goe afore with us.

*Bul.* No good *monsieurs.*

*Wil.* Another Crash in my Ladies Celler yfaith, *monsieur.*

*Bul.* *Remercy de bon ceur monsieurs.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Enter Clarence, Momford.* ( beames

*Mom.* How now my friend, does not the knowing,  
That through thy common sense glaunce through thy  
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire (eyes,  
And warme thy heart with a triumphant fire?

*Mom.* My Lord I feele a treble happines  
Mix in one soule, which proves how eminent  
Things endlesse are above things temporall,  
That are in bodies needfully confin'd;  
I cannot suffer their dimensions pierc't,  
Where my immortall part admits expansure,  
Even to the comprehension of two more  
Commixt substantially with her meere selfe. ( friend?

*Mom.* As how my strange, and riddle-speaking.

*Cl.* As thus, my Lord, I feele my owne minds joy,  
As it is separate from all other powers,  
And then the mixture of an other soule  
Ioynd in direction to one end, like it;  
And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,  
As we are joynd, that I shall worke that good  
In such a noble spirit as your Neece,  
Which in my selfe I feele for absolute;  
Each good minde doubles his owne free content,  
When in an others use they give it vent.

*Mom.* Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong  
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,  
Then that which show presents to thy conceits,  
In working thee a wife worse then she seemes;  
Ile tell thee plaine a secret which I know.  
My Neece doth use to paint herselfe with white,  
Whose cheekes are naturally mixt with redd,  
Either because she thinks pale-lookes moves most:  
Or of an answerable nice affect  
To other of her modest qualities;  
Because she wood not with the outward blaze  
Of tempting beauty tangle wan on eyes;  
And so be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

Which construe as thou wilt, I make it knowne,  
That thy free comment may examine it,  
As willinger to tell truth of my Neece,  
Then in the least degree to wrong my friend.

*Cl.* A jealous part of friendship you unfold;  
For was it ever seene that any Dame  
Wood change of choice a well mixt white, and red  
For bloodles palenes, if she striv'd to move?  
Her painting then is to shun motion,  
But if she mended some defects with it,  
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;  
( Which to supplie bare nature ) Ladies weare?  
What an absurd thing is it to suppose;  
( If nature made us eyther lame or sicke, )  
VVe wood not seeke for sound limmes, or for health  
By Art the Rector of confused Nature?  
So in a face, if Nature be made lame,  
Then Art can make it, is it more offence  
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?  
VVho can give instance where Dames faces lost  
The priviledge their other parts may boast.

*Mom.* But our most Court received Poets saies,  
That painting is pure chastities abator.

*Cl.* That was to make up a poorerime to Nature.  
And farre from any judgment it confer'd  
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes,  
And if in chastity possesse the hart;  
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare  
Doth painting spot it,

*Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.*

For outward fairenes beares the Divine forme,  
And moves beholders to the Act of love;  
And that which moves to love is to be wisht,  
And each thing simply to be wisht is good.  
So I conclude mere painting of the face  
A lawfull, and a commendable grace.

*Mom.* VVhat paradox dost thou defend in this?



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

And yet through thy cleare arguments I see  
Thy speach is farre exempt from flattery,  
And how illiterate custome grossly erres?  
Almost in all traditions she preferres.  
Since then the doubt I put thee of my Neece,  
Checks not thy doubtlesse love, forth my deare friend,  
*add?* And to all force to those impressions,  
That now have caru'd her phantasie with love;  
I have invited her to supper here.  
And told her thou art most extreamely sicke,  
Which thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill.

*Cl.* Which is exceeding small to conterfeit

*Mom.* Practise a little, love will teach it thee,  
And then shall *Doctor Verſay* the physitian,  
Come to thee while her selfe is in my house.  
Whith whom as thou confer'st of thy disease,  
Ile bring my Neece with all the Lords, and Ladies.  
Within your hearing under fain'd pretext,  
To shew the Pictures that hang neere thy Chamber,  
Where when thou hearst my voyce, know she is there.  
And therefore speake that which may stir her thoughts,  
And make her flie into thy opened armes.  
Ladies, whom true worth cannot move to ruth,  
Trew lovers must deceive to shew their truth. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

ACTVS QVINTI SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesby,  
Goose-cappe, Poulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta,  
Penelope, Winnifred.*

*Mom.* Where is *sir Gyles Goose-cappe* here?

*Goof.* Here my Lord.

*Mom.* Come forward Knight t'is you that the Ladies  
admire at working a mine honour.

*Goof.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Goof.* A little at once my Lord for idlenesse sake.

*Fur. Sir Cut.* I say, to her Captaine.

*Penel.* Come good servant let's see what you worke.

*Goof.* Why looke you Mistris, I am makeing a fine dry sea, full of fish, playing in the bottome, and here ile let in the water so lively, that you shall heare it Rore.

*Eng.* Not heare it sir Gyles?

*Goof.* Yes in sooth Madam with your eyes.

*Tal.* I Lady; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life, as my Knightly cosen does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the care seemes to take part with it.

*Hip.* That's a very good reason my Lord.

*Mom.* What a jest it is, to heare how seriously he strives to make his foolish kinsmans answeres wise ones?

*Pene.* VVhat shall this be servant?

*Goof.* This shall be a great VVhale Mistris, at all his bignesse spouting huge Hills of salt-water afore him, like a little water squirt, but you shall not neede to feare him Mistris, for he shalbe silke, and gould, he shall doe you noe harme, and he be neere so lively.

*Pene.* Thanke you good servant.

*Tal.* Doe not thinke Lady, but he had neede tell you this a forehand: for a mine honour, he wrought me the monster *Caucasus* so lively, that at the first sight I started at it.

*Mom.* The monster *Caucasus*? my Lord, *Caucasus* is a Mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

*Tal.* *Cacus* indeede my Lord, crie you mercie.

*Goof.* Heere ile take out your eye, and you will Mistris.

*Pene.* No by my faith Servant, t'is better in.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Goof.* Why Ladie, Ile but take it out in jest, in earnest.

*Pene.* No, something else there good servant.

*Goof.* Why then here shall be a Camell, and he shall have hornes, and he shall looke for all the VVorld like a maide without a husband.

*Hip.* O bitter sir *Gyles.*

*Ta.* Nay he has a drie wit, Lady, I can tell ye.

*Pene.* He bobd me there indeed my Lord.

*Fur.* Marry him sweet Lady, to answere his bitter bob.

*King.* So she may answere him with hornes indeed.

*Eng.* See what a pretty worke he weares in his boote-hofe.

*Hip.* Did you worke them your selfe sir *Gyles*, or buy them?

*Goof.* I bought am for nothing Madam in th'exchange.

*Eng.* Bought am for nothing?

*Tal.* Indeed Madam in th'exchange they so honour him for his worke, that they will take nothing for any thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich night-cap you wrought cosen? if it had not bin too little for you, it was the best peece of worke, that ever I sawe.

*Goof.* Why my Lord, t'was bigge enough; when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you know.

*Tal.* Indeed the warmer a man keepes his feete the lesse he needs weare upon his head.

*Eng.* You speake for your kinsman the best that ever I heard my Lord.

*Goof.* But I beleeeve Madam, my Lord my cosen has not told you all my good parts.

*Ta.* I told him so I warrant you cosen.

*Hip.* VVhat doe you thinke hee left out Sir *Gyles*?

*Goof.* Marry Madam I can take *Tobacco* now, and I have bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe,*

then all the burning glasses ith VVorld.

*Eug.* Glowe-wormes, *sir Gyles*? will they make it burne?

*Goof.* O good Madam, I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpose, Ile besworne they eat me five Faggots a weeke in Chatcoale.

*Tal.* Nay he has the strangest devices, Ladies, that ever you heard, I warrent ye.

*Fur.* That's a strange device indeed, my Lord.

*Hip.* But your sowing *sir Gyles* is a most gentlewo-man-like quality, I assure you.

*Pene.* O farre away, for now servant, you neede never marry, you are both husband, and wife your selfe.

*Goof.* Nay indeed mistris, I wood faine marry for all that, and ile tell you my reason, if you will.

*Pene.* Let's here it good servant.

*Goof.* Why, Madam, we have a great match at football towards, married men against batchellers, and the married men be all my friends, so I wood faine marry to take the married mens parts in truth.

*Hip.* The best reason for marriage that ever I heard *sir Gyles*.

*Goof.* I pray will you keepe my worke a little Mistris; I must needs straine a little courtesie in truth.

*Exit Sir Gyles.*

*Hip.* Cods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

*Rud.* Come, come, you here not me Dame.

*Fur.* Well said *sir Cut*, to her now; we shall heare fresh courting.

*Hip.* Alas *sir Cut*, you are not worth the hearing, every body saies you cannot love, howsoever you talke on't.

*Rud.* Not love Dame? slidd what argument woodst have of my love tro? let me looke as redde as Scarlet a fore I see thee, and when thou comst in sight if the sunne of thy beauty, doe not white me like a shippards holland, I am a Jewe to my Creatour.

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Hip.* O excellent!

*Rud.* Let me burst like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turned the very heart in my belly, and made me ready to be hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

*Hip.* You shood have hangd longer *for Cut*: tis not right yet.

*Rud.* Zonnes, bid me cut off the best lymme of my body for thy love, and ile laie in thy hand to prove it, doost thinke *I* am no Christian, have *I* not a soule to save?

*Hip.* Yes tis to save yet *I* warrant it, and wilbe while tis a soule if you use this.

*Fur.* Excellent Courtship of all hands, only my Captaines Courtship, is not heard yet. good Madam give him favour to court you with his voyce.

*Eng.* VVhat shood he Court me with all else my Lord?

*Mom.* VVhy, *I* hope Madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall besides voyces.

*Fur.* *I* meane with an audible sweete song Madam.

*Eng.* VVith all my heart my Lord, if *I* shall be so much indebted to him.

*Foul.* Nay *I* will be indebted to your cares lady for hearing me found musicke.

*Fur.* VVell done Captaine, prove as it will now.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Me.* My Lord, *Doctor Versay* the Physitian is come to see master *Clarence*.

*Mom.* Light, and attend him to him presently.

*Fur.* To Master *Clarence*? what is your friend sicke?

*Mom.* Exceeding sicke.

*Tal.* *I* am exceeding sorry.

*King.* Never was sorrow worthier bestowed,  
Then for the ill state of so good a man

*Penc.* Alas poore Gentleman; good my Lord lets see him.

*Mom.* Thankes gentle lady, but my friend is loth  
To



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

To trouble Ladies since he cannot quit them.

VVith any thing he hath that they respect.

*Hip.* Respect my Lord; I wood hold such a man  
In more respect then any Emperour:

For he cood make me Empresse of my selfe  
And in mine owne rule comprehend the VVorld.

*Mom.* How now young Dame? what sodainly inspir'd?  
This speech hath silver haire, and reverence askes,  
And sooner shall have duty done of me,  
Then any pompe in temporall Empery.

*Hip.* Good Madam get my Lord to let us greet him.

*Eug.* Alas we shall but wrong, and trouble him.  
His contemplations greet him with most welcome.

*Fur.* I never knew a man of so sweet a temper,  
So soft, and humble, of so high a Spirit.

*Mom.* Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,  
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes  
The standing lake of *Impudence* corrupts,  
Hath nought in all the VVorld, nor nought wood have,  
To grace him in the prostituted light.

But if a man wood consort with a soule  
VVhere all mans Sea of gall, and bitternes  
Is quite evaporate with her holy flames,  
And in whose powers a Dove-like innocence  
Fosters her own deserts, and life, and death,  
Runnes hand in hand before them: All the Skies  
Cleere, and transparent to her piercing eyes,  
Then wood my friend be something, but till then

A *Cipher*, nothing, or the worst of men.

*Foul.* Sweet Lord lets goe visit him.

*Enter Goose-cappe.*

*Goos.* Pray good my Lord, what's that you talke on?

*Mom.* Are you come from your necessary busines Sir  
*Gyles*? we talke of the visiting of my sicke friend *Clarence*.

*Goos.* O good my Lord lets visite him, cause I know  
his brother.

*Hip.* Know his brother, nay then Count doe

*Sir Giles Goose-cappe.*

not deny him.

*Goos.* Pray my Lord whether was eldest, he or his elder brother?

*Mom.* O ! the younger brother eldest, while you live sir Gyles.

*Goos.* I say so still my Lord, but I am so borne downe with truth, as never any Knight ith world was I thinke.

*Ta.* A man wood thinke he speakes simply now ; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngest, or eldest. For often we see the youngest inherite, wherein he is eldest.

*Eug.* Your logicall wit my Lord is able to make any thing good.

*Mom.* VVell come sweet Lords, & Ladies, let us spend The time till supper-time with some such sights, As my poore house is furnished withall, Pictures, and jewels ; of which implements, It may be I have some will please you much.

*Goos.* Sweet Lord lets see them. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clarence, and Doctor.*

*Do.* I thinke your disease sir, be rather of the minde then the body.

*Cl.* Be there diseases of the minde *Doctor*?

*Do.* No question sir, even as there be of the body.

*Cl.* And cures for them too?

*Do.* And cures for them too, but not by Physicke.

*Cl.* You will have their diseases, griefes? will you not?

*Do.* Yes, oftentimes.

*Cl.* And doe not griefes ever rise out of passions?

*Do.* Evermore.

*Cl.* And doe not passions proceed from corporall distempers?

*Do.* Not the passions of the minde, for the minde many times is sicke, when the body is healthfull.

*Cl.* But is not the mindes-sicknes of power to make the body sicke?

*Do.* In time, certaine.

*Cl.*



*Cl.* And the bodies ill affections able to infect the

*Do.* No question. ( minde ?

*Cl.* Then if there be such a naturall commerce of Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why shood not the medicines for one cure the other ?

*Do.* Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

*Cl.* Nay then *Doctor*, since you cannot make any reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the minde, and the body, making both subiect to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the minde but one, and that is *Ignorance*.

*Do.* Why what is love? is not that a disease of the minde ?

*Cl.* Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the bloud, nor are we subject to any disease, or sorrow, whose causes or effects simply, and natively concerne the body, that the minde by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any passions in the soule, for where there are no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your Master *Galen* refers *parti irascenti*, For *illic est anima sentiens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there also.

*Do.* But you know we use to say, my minde gives me this or that, even in those additions that concerne the body.

*Cl.* We use to say so indeed, and from that use comes the abuse of all knowledge, and her practice, for when the object in question only concerns the state of the body; why shood the soule be sorry or glad for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then she is a foole, if of necessity, and against her will, A slave, and so, far from that wisdom, and freedom that the Empresse of Reason, and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

*Do.* Divinely spoken Sir, but very Paradoxically.



Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.

Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnifall, Rudesby, Goof.

Foul, Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta, Winnifred.

Mom. VWho's there ?

I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the Key of the gallery, methought  
I heard the Doctor, and my friend.

Fur. I did so sure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord  
We will be bold to evesdroppe ; For I know  
My friend is as respective in his Chamber  
And by himselfe , of any thing he does  
As in a Criticke Synods curious eyes  
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.

*Maximè omnium teipsum reverere.*

Cl. Know you the Countesse *Eugenia* sir ?

Do. Exceeding well sir, she's a good learned scholler.

Cl. Then I perceive you know her well indeed.

Do. Me thinks you two shood use much conference.

Cl. Alas sir, we doe very seldome meet,  
For her estate, and mine are so unequal,  
And then her knowledge passeth mine so farre,  
That I hold much too sacred a respect,  
of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

Do. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flow  
Out of your judgment but from passion.

Cl. Indeed I doe account that passion,  
The very high perfection of my minde,  
That is excited by her excellence,  
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.  
For what was spoken of the most chaste Queene  
Of rich *Pasiaca* may be said of her.

*Moribus Antevenit sortem virtibus Annos,*

*Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.*

Do. A most excellent *Distike.*

Mom. Come Lords away, lets not presume too much  
Of a good nature not for all I have  
VWood I have him take knowledge of the wrong



*Sir Gyles Goose cappe.*

I rudely offer him : come then ile shew  
A few rare jewels to your honour'd eyes;  
And then present you with a common supper.

*Goof* Jewells my Lord, why is not this candlesticke  
one of your Jewells pray ?

*Mom.* Yes marry is it, *sir Gyles*, if you will.

*Goof.* Tis a most fine candlesticke in truth, it wants  
nothing but the languages.

*Penc.* The languages servant, why the languages ?

*Goof.* Why Mistris ; there was a lattin candlesticke here  
afore, and that had the languages I am sure.

*Tal.* I thought he had a reason for it *Lady*.

*Penc.* I, and a reason of the Sunne too my Lord, for  
his father wood have bin ashamed on't. *Exeunt.*

*Do.* Well master *Clarence* I perceive your minde  
Hath so incorporate it selfe with flesh

And therein rarified that flesh to spirit,  
That you have need of no Physitians helpe.

But good Sir even for holy vertues health  
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make

Those ground-workes of eternity, you lay  
Meanes to your ruine, and short being here :

For the too strict, and ratiounall Course you hold  
Will eate your body up ; and then the World,

Or that small poynt of it, where vertue lives

Will suffer Diminution : It is now

Brought almost to a simple unity.

Which is (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto*.

And if that point faile once, why, then alas

The unity must onely be supposed.

Let it not faile then, most men else have sold it ;

Tho you neglect your selfe, uphold it,

So with my reverend love I leave you sir. *Exit.*

*Cl.* Thanks worthy Doctour, I do amply quite you

I prop poore vertue, that am propt my selfe,

And only by one friend in all the World,

For vertues onely sake I use this wile,

*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

Which otherwise I would despise, and scorne,  
The World should sinke, and all the pompe she hugs  
Close in her hart, in her ambitious gripe,  
Ere I sustaine it, if this slenderest joynt  
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings love so well  
Had power to save it from the throate of hell.

*He drawes the Curtaines, and sits within them.*

*Enter; Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta.*

*Eug.* Come on faire Ladies I must make you both  
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part  
And full of impudence, that ere I plaide.

*Hip.* What's that good Madam?

*Eug.* I that have bene so more then maiden-nice  
To my deere Lord, and uncle not to yeeld  
By his importunate suite to his friends love  
In looke, or almost thought; will of my selfe  
Farre past his expectation or his hope  
In action, and in person greete his friend,  
And comfort the poore gentlemans sicke state.

*Pene.* Is this a part of so much impudence?

*Eug.* No but I feare me it will stretch to more.

*Hip.* Marry Madam the more the merrier.

*Eug.* Marry Madam? what shood I marry him?

*Hip.* You take the word me thinkes as tho you would,  
And if there be a thought of such kind heate  
In your cold bosome, would to god my breath  
Might blow it to the flame of your kind hart.

*Eug.* Gods pretious Lady, know ye what you say,  
Respect you what I am, and what he is,  
What the whole world would say, & what great Lords  
I have refused, and might as yet embrace,  
And speake you like a friend; to wish me him?

*Hip.* Madam I cast all this, and know your choysse  
Can cast it quite out of the christall dores  
Of your judciall eyes: I am but young,  
And be it said without all pride I take,



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

To be a maid , I am one , and indeed  
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles  
Weend in the loomes of greatnes , and of state :  
And yet even by that little I have learn'd  
Out of continuall conference with you,  
I have cride haruest home of thus much judgment  
In my greene sowing time , that *I* cood place  
The constant sweetnes of good *Clarence* minde,  
Fild with his inward wealth , and noblenes ;  
( Looke Madam here , ) when others outward trash  
Shood be contented to come under here.

*Pene.* And so say *I* upon my maidenhead.

*Eug.* Tis well said Ladies , thus we differ then,  
I to the truth-wife , you to worldly men :  
And now sweet dames obserue an excellent jest  
( at least in my poore jesting . ) Th' Erle my uncle  
Will misse me straite , and *I* know his close drift  
Is to make me , and his friend *Clarence* meete  
By some device or other he hath plotted.  
Now when he seekes us round about his house  
And cannot find us , for we may be sure  
He will not seeke me in his sicke friends Chamber,  
( *I* have at all times made his love so strange , )  
He straight will thinke , *I* went away displeas'd,  
Or hartely careles of his hartiest suite.  
And then *I* know there is no grieffe on Earth  
Will touch his hart so much , which *I* will suffer  
To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,  
For ile be sworne in motion , and progresse  
Of his friends suite , *I* never in my life  
Wrastled so much with passion or was moy'd  
To take his firme love in such jealous part.

*Hip.* This is most excellent Madam , and will prove  
A neecelike , and a noble friends Revenge.

*Eug.* Bould in a good caule , then lets greet his friend,  
VWhere is this sickely gentleman at this booke  
Now in good truth *I* wood theis bookes were burnd

That



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

That rapp men from their friends before their time,  
How does my uncles friend, no other name  
I need give him, to whom I give my selfe,

*Cl.* O Madam let me rise that I may kneele,  
And pay some duty, to your soveraigne grace.

*Hip.* Good *Clarence* doe not worke your selfe disease  
My Lady comes to ease, and comfort you.

*Penc.* And we are handmaides to her to that end.

*Cl.* Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held  
Within the verge of this presumtuious chaire.

*Eug.* Why, *Clarence* is your judgement bent to show  
A common lovers passion? let the World,  
That lives without a hart, and is but showe,  
stand on her empty, and impoisoned ferme,  
I know thy kindenesse, and have seene thy hart,  
Cleft in my uncles free, and friendly lippes  
And I am only now to speake, and act,  
The rit'es due to thy love: oh I cood weepe.  
A bitter showre of teares for thy sicke state,  
I cood give passion all her blackest rites.  
And make a thousand vowes to thy deserts,  
But these are common, knowledge is the boud,  
The seale, and crowne of our united mindes.  
And that is rare, and constant, and for that,  
To my late written hand I give thee this,  
See heaven, the soule thou gau' st is in this hand.  
This is the Knot of our eternity,  
Which fortune, death, nor hell, shall ever loose.

*Enter Bullaker. Iacke. Will.*

*Id.* VVhat an unmannerly tricke is this of thy Coun-  
tesse, to give the noble count her uncle the slippe  
thus?

*Wil.* Vnmannerlie, you villaynes? O that I were  
worthy to weare a Dagger to any purpose for thy  
fate?

*Bul.* VVhy young Gentlemen, utter your anger  
with your fitts.

*Wil.*



*Sir Gyles Goose-cappe.*

*Wil.* That cannot be man, for all fists are shut you know, and utter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell just for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominable miscarry her selfe.

*Ia.* Protest you sawsie Iacke you, I shood doemy country, and Court-ship good service to beare thy coaits teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reverend word to passe their garde; why, the oldest Courtier in the World man, can doe noe more then protest.

*Bul.* Indeede Page if you were in *France*, you wood be broken upon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in *France* dares say I protest, till he be one, and thirty yeeres old at least, for the inheritance of that word is not to be posselt before.

*Wil.* VVell, I am sorry for my presumption then, but more sory for my Ladies, marry most sory for thee good Lord *Momford*, that will make us most of all sory for our selves, if we doe not finde her out.

*Ia.* Why alas what shood we doe? all the starres of our heaven see, we seeke her as fast as we can if she be crept into a rush we will seeke her out or burne her.

*Enter Momford.*

*Mom.* Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them Out; hence, home ye monsters, and still keepe you there Where levity keeoes, in her inconstant Spheare, Away you pretious villaines; what a plague, Of varried tortures is a womans hart? How like a peacockes taile with different lightes, They differ from themselves; the very ayre Alter the aspen humors of their blouds.

*Exeunt Pages.*

Now



*Sir Giles Goose-c appe.*

Now excellent good, now superexcellent bad.  
Some excellent good, some? but one of all:  
Wood any ignorant babie serue her friend,  
Such an uncivill part? Sblood what is learning?  
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,  
And nourish *Spiders*? cood she cut my throate,  
With her departure, I had bin her calfe,  
And made a dish at supper for my guests  
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,  
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre  
A man my challenge for her? what? a feather?  
So easie to be seene; so apt to trace;  
In the weake flight of her unconstant wings?  
A mote man at the most, that with the Sunne,  
Is onely seene, yet with his radiant eye,  
We cannot single so from other motes,  
To say this mote is she, passion of death,  
She wrongs me past a death, come, come my friend  
Is mine, she not her owne, and theres an end.

*Eug.* Come uncle shall we goe to supper now?

*Mom.* Zounes to supper? what a dorr is this?

*Eug.* Alas what ailes my uncle? Ladies see.

*Hip.* Is not your Lordship well?

*Pene.* Good speake my Lord.

*Mom.* A sweete plague on you all, ye witty rogues  
have you no pittie in your villanous jests, but runne a man  
quite from his fiftene witts?

*Hip.* Will not your Lordship see your friend, and  
Neece.

*Mom.* Wood I might sinke if I shame not to see her  
Tush it was a passion of pure jealousie,  
Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.  
Goddesse of learning, and of constancy,  
Of friendship, and every other vertue.

*Eug.* Come, come you have abus'd me now, I know,  
And now you plaister me with flatteries.

*Pene.* My Lord the contract is knit fast betwixt them.

*Mom.*



*Mom.* Now all heavens quire of Angels sing Amen,  
And blesse theis true borne nuptials with their blesse,  
And Neece tho you have cosind me in this,  
Ile uncle you yet in an other thing,  
And quite deceive your expectation.

For where you thinke you have contracted harts  
With a poore gentleman, he is sole heire  
To all my Earledome, which to you, and yours  
I freely, and for ever here bequeath;  
Call forth the Lords, sweet Ladies let them see  
This sodaine, and most welcome Novelty;  
But cry you mercy Neece, perhaps your modesty  
Will not have them partake this sodaine match.

*Eng.* O uncle thinke you so, I hope I made  
My choyce with too much judgment to take shame  
Of any forme I shall performe it with.

*Mom.* Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

*Enter Furnifall; Tal. King. Goos. Rud. Foul. Ia.*

*Will, Bullaker.*

*Mom.* My Lords, take witnes of an absolute wonder,  
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,  
My friend, and my deere Neece are man, and wife.

*Fur.* A wonder of mine honour, and withall  
A worthy precedent for all the World;  
Heaven blesse you for it Lady, and your choyce.

*Ambo* Thankes my good Lord.

*Ta.* An Accident that will make policy blush,  
And all the Complements of wealth, and state,  
In the successfull, and unnumbered Race  
That shall flow from it, fild with fame, and grace.

*Ki.* So may it speed deere Countesse, worthy *Clarence.*

*Ambo* Thankes good sir *Cuthberd.*

*Fur.* Captaine be not dismaide, Ile marry thee,  
For while we live, thou shalt my consort be.

*Foul.* By *France* my Lord, I am not griev'd a whit,  
Since *Clarence* hath her; he hath bin in *France*,  
And therefore merits her if she were better.

L

*Mom.*

*Mom.* Then Knights ile knit your happy nuptiall knots  
I know the Ladies minds better then you ;  
Tho my rare Neece hath chose for vertue only,  
Yet some more wise then some, they chuse for both  
Vertue, and wealth.

*Eug.* Nay uncle then I plead  
This goes with my choise, *Some more wise then some,*  
For onely vertues choise is truest wisedome.

*Mom.* Take wealth, & vertue both amongst you then,  
They love ye Knights extreamely, and Sir *Cut.*  
I give the chaste *Hippolyta* to you,  
Sir *Gyles* this Lady.

*Pen.* Nay stay there my Lord.  
I have not yet prov'd all his Knightly parts  
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

*Tal.* That I forgot sweet Lady ; good fir *Gyles*  
Have you no sonnet of your penne about ye ?

*Goof.* Yes, that I have I hope my Lord my Cosen.

*Fur.* Why, this is passing fit.

*Goof.* I'de be loth to goe without paper about me a-  
gainst my Mistris, hold my worke againe, a man knows  
not what neede he shall have perhaps.

*Mom.* Well remembred a mine honour fir *Gyles.*

*Goof.* Pray read my Lord, I made this sonnet of my  
Mistris.

*Rud.* Nay reade thy selfe man.

*Goof.* No intruth fir *Cut.* I cannot reade mine owne  
hand.

*Mom.* Well I will reade it.

*Three things there be which thou shouldst only crave  
Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye ;  
Three things there be, which thou shouldst long to have  
And for which three, each modest dame wood crie ;  
Three things there be, that shood thine anger swage,  
An English mastife, and a fine French page.*

*Rud.* Sblood Assè theres but two things, thou shamst  
thy selfe.

*Goof.*



Goof. Why fir Cut. thats *Poeticalicentia*, the verse wood  
have bin too long, and I had put in the third, Slight you  
are no Poet I perceive.

Pene. Tis excellent se rvant.

Mom. Keepe it Lady then,  
And take the onely Knight of mortall men.

Goof. Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you  
had given me twenty shillings in truth, now I may take  
the married mens parts at football.

Mom. All comfortscrowne you all ;and you Captaine  
For merry forme sake let the willowe crowne ;  
A wreath of willow bring us hither strait.

Fur. Not for a world shood that have bin forgot  
Captaine it is the fashion, take this Crowne.

Fowl. With all my hart my Lord, and thanke you too ;  
I will thanke any man that gives me crownes.

Mom. Now will we consecrate our ready supper  
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,  
In forme whereof first dance, faire Lords, and Ladies,  
And after sing, so we will sing, and dance,  
And to the skies our vertuous joyes advance.

*The Measure.*

Now to the song, and doe this garland grace.

*Canto.*

*Willowe, willowe, willowe.*

*our Captaine goes downe :*

*Willowe, willowe, willowe,*

*his vallor doth crowne.*

*The rest with Rosemary we grace ;*

*O Hymen let thy light.*

*With richest rayes guild every face,*

*and feast harts with delight.*

*Willowe, willowe, willowe,*

*we chaunt to the skies ;*

*And with blacke, and yellowe,*

*give courtship the prize.*

FINIS.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is difficult to decipher due to its low contrast and the texture of the paper.



"miscellaneous assignments" - C 3.

price of gloves - Sig B 3.

"Gekerson" ("Glorious") I

Our most court. record of that says

"That painting is from the artist's atelier" - I

This probably refers to Lanier's "Confession of Rosamond" *Stamps* 21. 22.

"Latin handkerchiefs" ... (a pun alluding to Shakespeare)

the 2.

"trouperies" - in its orig. meaning, H 4 verso.

"canard" perhaps in a punlike sense, I verso.















